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CHRONICLE.

SOME time was occupied on *Friday* week in the House of Commons by the discussion in private business of a Belfast Corporation Bill, the objects of which would be affected or achieved if the Irish Local Government Bill became law. The Scotch Education and Local Taxation matter which, owing to somebody's blunder, had taken up time in vain the night before, was the subject of explanation by Mr. BALFOUR. Mr. DE COBAIN was expelled the House, the form of expulsion being so clumsily drafted by some clerk as to move the critical mind of Mr. SEXTON, who showed that, in happier circumstances, he might have been, like his countryman, the late, not the present, Mr. FINUCANE, "the best sub-editor in London," instead of a mere Parliamentary wind-bag, by the masterly manner in which he tackled that clerk's particeps and relatives. A long discussion followed on Mr. HERBERT GARDNER's motion for the free use of schools for political meetings—a mischievous, but not a party, scheme, which was practically conceded by the Government. Discussion on Mr. BALFOUR's motion for leave to introduce the Government measure as to Private Bill legislation for Scotland and Ireland brought the evening up to midnight.

On *Monday* the House of Lords passed the Betting Infants' Bill, and did some other work. The House of Commons began by spending two hours in sharply debating the London County Council Tramways Bill, which, we regret to say, was read a second time by two, in a House about half full. However, the result gave Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT the innocent pleasure of boasting at Blackheath that he had defeated the Tories; and there are plenty of stages at which this mischievous Bill can be met and defeated. Mean while we thank Sir WILLIAM for identifying Toryism with economical orthodoxy and common sense. The victory may have accounted for the very obstructive disposition which was shown by the baser sort of Gladstonians, English and Irish, in Supply. The vote on the Irish Teachers' Fund was first dawdled with, and then, after a motion to report progress had been interposed, the Closure was stubbornly resisted. Finally, the vote was got through at eleven o'clock, by a majority of thirty-seven. The same tactics were repeated on the Relief of Distress vote, and, after Mr. DILLON had drawn down on himself a sharp castigation from Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. MCNEILL talked "home." The necessary resolution for the Scotch Education grant was passed before the House broke up.

On *Tuesday* the House of Lords read the Presentation to Benefices Bill a second time, but declined to repeal the whole system of Local Government Acts for England and Scotland to please Lord DENMAN. In the Lower House (which, by a little dodge, rather transparent, but perhaps opaque enough to take in the British voter, is being made to busy itself more and more with things not strictly Imperial) the Southampton Docks Bill was referred to a hybrid Committee, and Mr. SEXTON led Mr. GLADSTONE and others of the English tail of the Home Rule party into the lobby, in order to insert in the Belfast Lunatic Asylum Bill a provision for redistributing the wards of that town. Why not also tack a complete Home Rule Scheme to the Lunatic Asylums Bill? There would be a considerable appropriateness. The insertion was negatived by twenty-three, and the Opposition, as usual, cheered lustily. Mr. BALFOUR subsequently gave notice of motion for morning sittings in Supply on Tuesdays and Fridays, and carried by twenty (Mr. GLADSTONE not voting) the two o'clock motion for Ash Wednesday. The most important thing in the rest of the sitting, which was nipped by the usual private members'

count at eight, was Mr. DIXON HARTLAND's exposure of the disgraceful extravagance of the London School Board. Earlier, at question-time, Mr. J. W. LOWTHER had very neatly put Mr. LABOUCHERE on his back in a little tussle about the British East Africa Company's shareholders.

The shortened Ash Wednesday sitting of the House of Commons was almost entirely occupied by the discussion of Mr. O'KELLY's Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Bill. The Bill was described by its introducer as "a very modest one," and in the ironical sense, at least, that quality certainly appertained both to the Bill and to the speeches of its supporters. Its own modesty chiefly consisted in giving the dishonest tenants who took part in the Plan of Campaign all the advantages enjoyed by honest tenants and others as well, in the way of compulsory purchase, and in the proposal to turn out the honest tenant who has succeeded a fraudulent one to make room for the thief. The modesty of its supporters may be judged from Mr. DILLON's contention that the mere fact of eviction shows that the eviction was "presumably unjust," the modesty of Mr. SEXTON from his description of Irish landlords as "a disgrace and a curse to the Empire" (so, at least, the friendly *Daily News* reports him, the *Times* report is a little less outrageous), and still more from his omission to describe Irish agitators. Mr. BARTON and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL for IRELAND spoke well against the measure, and it was rejected by 229 to 174—a satisfactory enough majority for a Wednesday division.

Two matters of interest were looked forward to in the business of the House of Commons on *Thursday*—the Mombassa Railway vote and Mr. BALFOUR's action on the subject of morning sittings. The anticipated opposition to the latter to a great extent collapsed, Mr. GLADSTONE, as his henchmen say, in their usual ludicrous fashion, "giving" Mr. BALFOUR what he wants till Easter at least; or, in other words, not daring to refuse this, and understanding perfectly well that if Mr. BALFOUR wants more he will take it. This action, sensible enough on the part of the Opposition leader, took all the heart out of his party; but sixty irreconcilables on the question of obstructing the national business and substituting fads or "play," went into the lobby against nearly six times that number for the Government. In the second principal business of the day—the Mombassa Railway vote—the Opposition were worse counselled. Mr. J. W. LOWTHER introduced the vote well, and Mr. GOSCHEN supported it stoutly; but Mr. GLADSTONE was "determined to exempt himself from "every jot or tittle of responsibility" (we do not know who asked him to bear any); and talked at times in something like an approach to his very worst Bulgarian form. Finally, Mr. LABOUCHERE clowned the time out, and the debate had to be adjourned till yesterday, so that its result was not known at the time we went to press. It is at least interesting to find Mr. GLADSTONE, in his last days, returning to something like the attitude in regard to slavery with which he began. Perhaps still more wholesome traditions of his youth may yet return to him. Meanwhile the Lords had gravely debated the Church Discipline Bill, and read it a second time, Lord GRINTHORPE eulogizing the Vicar-General, that centre and pivot of the Church of England.

Mr. JACKSON spoke at Leeds on Saturday, when also Sir JOHN LUBBOCK gave a dinner to the members of the outgoing London County Council.—The speaking this week in and about London has been chiefly concerned with the County Council election, Lord ROSEBURY consuming more of his own words than we should have liked to see, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT vapouring at Blackheath as aforesaid on Monday. On that day Mr.



GLADSTONE returned from his prolonged holiday to town, and the Irish Roman Catholic bishops made a pronouncement against the Education Bill. A still bigger meeting was held on the Council Election at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, when Lord ROSEBURY was funny, Mr. MORLEY passionate, and Sir CHARLES RUSSELL virtuously indignant. Divers other meetings, chiefly Gladstonian, were held on the same or earlier day. At one of these meetings Lord HOBHOUSE described himself as having been "born into the Tory party." In the course of the campaign Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made, on Thursday, his first speech since his return.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

The riots at Berlin last week were something serious; but the EMPEROR, whose intrepidity is less questionable than his wisdom, took the right course in riding out in the midst of them, with a couple of grooms for escort. It was denied that Germany would abandon Damaraland, but admitted that her prospects there are rather hopeless.—Dr. VULKOVITCH, the Bulgarian agent attacked by an assassin at Constantinople, has died of his wounds, his fate doubtless reminding more than one student of English history of the curious assassination of DORISLAUS at the Hague.—On Saturday afternoon there was published, and afterwards confirmed, the list of a new French Ministry. It turned out to be the FREYCINET-RIBOT Cabinet reconstituted, with the omission of its "strong man," M. CONSTANS, and the addition of a certain M. LOUBET (who, though not exactly a new man, was probably unknown to even careful students of French politics) as a figurehead. Figureheads are frequently remarkable for a certain absence of outline. As for M. CONSTANS, it seems to be admitted that he did himself no good by first striking M. LAUR, and then declining to fight him; but there is no doubt that his late colleagues have played him something like a dirty trick. Now, though the celebrities of the Third Republic have been, as a rule, but *pauvres âmes*, M. CONSTANS's record justifies the expectation that he will play them a return match with some vigour, if he can get the opportunity.—On Monday morning arrived bad news both of the Russian and the Indian famines, reports of severe south-westerly gales in Portugal, which, oddly enough, do not seem to have crossed the Bay of Biscay, and tidings that the Berlin police had got the rioters in hand, after a rather longer period of failure to do so than might have been expected.—The decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the *W. P. Sayward* case, practically against the Canadian claim, was the chief point of Tuesday's news, but it was rendered of little importance by the simultaneous announcement that the agreement for referring the whole question to arbitration was signed. A further agreement with an African king or chief, at the back of Lagos, is chiefly noteworthy as a sign that the English authorities on the West Coast are at last waking up. Later and telegraphic intelligence, however, seems to show that the agreement has broken down, and that other steps will have to be taken.—The King of GREECE, having in vain asked M. DELYANNIS to resign, dismissed him on Tuesday, and a new Government has been formed under M. CONSTANTPOULO. The affairs, especially the financial affairs, of the country are in a very bad way, and M. DELYANNIS is a very dangerous Minister; but he is also a dangerous leader of Opposition.—A singularly foolish fuss has been made in New Zealand about the appointment, or rather the announcement of the appointment, of Lord GLASGOW as Governor.—The intended prosecution of the *Kölnische Zeitung* for *lèse majesté* in commenting on the EMPEROR's speech was the chief item of foreign news on Thursday morning, and a story about the disbanding and free raiding of a Portuguese expedition under Lieutenant COUTINHO in Zambesia the chief on Friday.

The Law Courts.

At the West London Police-Court this day week Mr. CURTIS-BENNETT took occasion to make some severe remarks on the conduct of the Water Companies, going so far as to suggest, and even draft, a short Act to curtail their opportunities of tyranny. It is, indeed, inconceivable how in the present state of the public temper both water and gas Companies can behave as they do. It is, however, fair to say that in this instance the peccant Company has disavowed and apologized for the action of its servants, though the redoubtable Mr. DOBBS has picked an awkward hole in the apology.—The person called MORLAND was on Tuesday committed for trial on the double charge of attempting to obtain money on false pretences and demanding it with threats.—The hearing of the summonses in the Hansard Union case, which had been

postponed on account of Mr. BOTTOMLEY's illness, began on Wednesday.

The first and now happily extinct London County Council.

The London County Council held its last meeting on Tuesday. When these words are read there will still be time for those who have votes to do their duty, in which case there need be no fear of the result. Otherwise the next three years will undoubtedly be as prolific of attempts to plunder and of successful experiments in blunder as the last three.

The Coal Strike.

As usual in the case of very large coal strikes, it is rather difficult to discern the true inwardness of that which is now impending. But what is not at all difficult to make out is that the consumer, especially the poor consumer, pays for all, and that advantage is being taken of the thing to argue that the wicked landlord, who actually does not allow his coal to be "got" for nothing, is at the root of the evil. For ourselves, we confidently anticipate that, before long, the Unions will insist on legislation forbidding any one to have a coal-cellar holding more than one ton, in order that the screw may be put on with greater ease and frequency. It would not be more preposterous than much other legislation now in favour with the Gladstonian party.

A letter from the Duke of NORFOLK, published on Saturday morning, ended the squabble about the NEWMAN statue at Oxford, by withdrawing the request for a site. It is unfortunate, but natural, that this request should ever have been made; and we do not think the very slight tone of reproach in the withdrawal ought to be blamed or resented by those who, as we think with some reason, resisted and defeated the proposal. More correspondence on the subject of the War Office and the New Forest was published on the same day; when also it was shown by Professor BOYS that no one should have a soul above buttons. For there are things of that kind capable of consisting of "gun-cotton" and camphor, and going off spontaneously when they are near a fire.—On Tuesday morning the L.C.C. was much written about; and Mr. HERBERT STEPHEN very pertinently summoned Mr. FOWLER, M.P., and the other supporters of the Bill for licensing nuisances at Eastbourne against the wish of the inhabitants, to renounce and forswear local option for ever and ever.—Professor LANKESTER impressed on the public that the only way to carry out Lady BLAKE's Biological Station schemes in Jamaica is to endow a scientific man plentifully. Mr. LANKESTER is evidently sound on the point of the old Oxford story about *profectus* and *proventus ecclesie*.

Sport.

Cambridge inflicted a decided beating upon Oxford at football this day week.

HER MAJESTY's ship *Repulse* was launched at Miscellaneons. Pembroke on Saturday, and her sister ship, the *Ramillies* (not, we trust, "fatal," like a former craft of the name) on the Clyde on Tuesday.—Mr. W. S. LILLY delivered a lecture on the Temporal Power, at Birmingham, on Tuesday.—The weather, both in London and, as it would seem, all over England, has been abominable during the week, and besides the storm on the Portuguese coasts above-mentioned, news has come of serious fishing disasters in a blizzard off Newfoundland.—On Thursday a deputation asked Lord SALISBURY to withdraw the Gresham University Charter.

Great regret must have been felt by very many Obituary. at the death of Miss ANNE CLOUGH, head of

Newnham College, sister of perhaps the most curious failure-of-a-genius that England has seen in this century, and herself a woman of unusual ability, remarkable character, and much personal charm.—Sir JOHN COODE was one of the mightiest of engineers, especially in the matter of harbours, and there were few regions of the earth which had not witnessed his labours in the attempt to bridle the sea. But the sea had the best of it sometimes.

Few English books of much interest have Books, &c. appeared during the week, but in Paris a new volume of the *Journal des Goncourt* (CHARPENTIER), and M. DAUDET's *Rose et Ninette*, in the Collection Guillaume (FLAMMARION), have come to amuse the town.

MR. BALFOUR'S LEADERSHIP.

THAT MR. BALFOUR is a man of light even his adversaries do not deny, but the question has arisen whether he can be counted a man of leading. The doubt is somewhat premature. It is scarcely fair to criticize adversely a man's riding when he is still mounting, or, at any rate, before he has fairly got his seat. Besides, a few blunders at the beginning are almost inevitable, and they are not undesirable. We learn to walk by a succession of stumbles, and the man who has never stumbled will never walk. The art of walking, indeed, has been or might be described as the art of regulated or orderly stumbling. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who seems to make a system of rushing off to the remoter suburbs, now to Whitechapel, now to Blackheath, in order to tell the gaping listeners the story of his wonderful prowess at Westminster, has been regaling his hearers at Blackheath with accounts of Mr. BALFOUR's failure to conduct the business of the country. But first he found it necessary to sing a sort of psalm of welcome to his returning chief. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's loyalty to Mr. GLADSTONE would cover a multitude of faults. For even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is not faultless. In the Gladstonian antinomianism "It's no matter what you do, If your heart 'be only true;" and his heart is, and has always been, true to W—LL. The ABIEDEL of 1880, faithful found at that momentous crisis of his leader's fate among the faithless, steadily adherent to him when Lord HARTINGTON was betraying Mr. GLADSTONE behind his back to his very face, naturally feels the pride of an unswerving devotion. His recollection extends no doubt to a period beyond that date, and cherishes a vivid remembrance of the delicacy and reverence which he displayed in the discussion on the Public Worship Regulation Bill of 1874. Whatever record leaps to light with respect to the events of 1874–80, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT never can be shamed. He is no baffled knight. We wonder that the editor of the *Speaker*, instead of invoking the testimony of Lord GRANVILLE, Mr. BRIGHT, and Mr. FORSTER, who have carried with them into another world such secrets as they knew, did not appeal to the witness of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who still breathes the vital air. A living animal of a very inferior order is better than even three dead lions. We implore Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to make a clean breast of the whole matter in the interest of historic truth. With his stainless record, he has nothing to fear. He is not one of those men who, by vociferous protestations of present loyalty and devotion, seek to drown the memory of an equivocal past. Mr. GLADSTONE knows this quite as well as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does, and the trust of the leader is equal to the devotion of the follower.

Becoming master of himself after the passionate outburst of joy with which he welcomed Mr. GLADSTONE to England, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT proceeded to criticize the conduct of Mr. BALFOUR as Leader of the House of Commons. A man of less impulsive and outspoken sincerity would, perhaps, have waited a little before forming, or, at any rate, expressing, an adverse opinion. But to have waited might have been to have lost his opportunity. Of course Sir WILLIAM began in the usual way. He proceeded to make every allowance for Mr. BALFOUR, in the true spirit of that candid criticism which, affecting to start from friendly prepossessions, expatiates upon them in order to bring in the inevitable and damning "but" with more rhetorical force. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says—and this, perhaps, is the worst thing that he has to say of Mr. BALFOUR—that he has a personal regard and an intellectual liking for him. But then he does not know whether a Bill should be introduced in the House or in Committee of the House, and he is obliged to take lessons in English grammar of Mr. SEXTON. Mr. BALFOUR "does not do stupid things of his 'own accord,'" but because he cannot help it—which we had hitherto believed to be the case with all doers of stupid things. His conduct of Parliamentary business has been "clumsy" and "bungling and humiliating." With these concluding epithets, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT illustrates his indisposition to join in the outcry against Mr. BALFOUR, which he stigmatizes as not very generous and not altogether just. He cannot control his party, nor show himself superior to circumstances. But for this twofold incapacity, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, eager to be just and even generous, would be ready enough to admit that Mr. BALFOUR might be capable of leading the House of Commons.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT was kind enough some time since to instruct Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in

the arts of playing a fish and courting a woman. He is anxious now to teach them the true way of leading the House of Commons or a party in the House of Commons. He seems to be sincerely shocked by the candour of Mr. BALFOUR's admission that he did not expect that his Local Government Bill would prove the redemption of Ireland, or be of equal importance with the measures which have restored peace to that country and developed its material resources. Mr. BALFOUR, we admit, departed from a venerable Parliamentary tradition. It is the practice of the Minister of the day to announce that each measure, as he introduces it, is the most important with which he has ever been charged, or which any one has ever submitted to the House of Commons. This is Mr. GLADSTONE's habitual language. We are afraid to say how many times he has saved Ireland—half a dozen, at least—and, after each rescue, there still remained an Ireland more urgently needing to be saved than ever. And now Mr. GLADSTONE, if the country trusts itself again to this very imperfectly successful experimenter, is going to save Ireland once more. There is to be no imposture. She is really to be saved this time, and will never need to be saved any more. The seventh, we think, and positively the last, message of peace is to be sent off as soon as Mr. GLADSTONE can make up his mind, and bring his English and Irish followers to one mind, as to what it is to be. The medicine is warranted to be a perfect cure; but its ingredients are as yet unknown.

We are not surprised that Mr. BALFOUR cannot bring himself to deal in these mock-heroics, these foolish make-believes of debate. They have been worn threadbare. The solemn half-sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the mocking insincerity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, whose oratory usually leaves the impression that he would have liked to make the speech he is answering, and to answer the speech which he is making, have exhausted that style. It is becoming as obsolete as the "Good God, Mr. Speaker!" and the orange of an earlier Parliamentary period. If any judicious friend advised Mr. BALFOUR to "try a little sincerity," we are not prepared all at once to say that he gave bad advice. The experiment is a bold one; but it is worth attempting. Mr. BALFOUR has begun by speaking the truth, and we hope he may be able to continue doing so. Of course the effect is a little disturbing at first; but, if it is persisted in, the House of Commons may reconcile itself to it, and even in the end come to like it. Mr. BALFOUR—so runs a further complaint—does not remain in his place from the first question to the cry "Who goes home?" But with an Opposition leader who, excusably enough, seldom comes to it, and a deputy Opposition leader who is always running away from it, Mr. BALFOUR may feel that he may relax his vigilance.

AFRICA EAST AND WEST.

TWO matters of interest have this week revived the attention to things African, which has been for some time languishing. The dramatic, if unlucky, juxtaposition of a pompous account by post of the arrangement made by the Governor of Lagos with the Jebus, and of its telegraphic postscript, to the effect that the agreement with the Jebus has broken down, and that not only those interesting persons, but their neighbours of Abbeokuta, are blocking the colonial trade altogether, illustrates the difficulties of mere coast stations in these days well enough, all the more that the French, who are now working Dahomey, pretty much uninterfered with, have more than once manifested strong hankerings after Abbeokuta itself. It throws light also across the continent on the reasons, or some of them, for supporting the Mombassa Railway Grant.

Our Parliamentary Chronicle contains an account of the proceedings which, after one or two delays, came off at last on Thursday night in reference to the vote for the Mombassa Railway Survey, but were not then concluded. Of the character of the opposition to that vote we have more than once expressed our opinion. It is an opposition arising, no doubt, in part from pure ignorance. On two different days within the week before the debate the *Scottish Leader*, the Gladstonian organ in Edinburgh, confused the South with the East Africa Company, asserted, with an indifference to geography which might make any Scottish pedagogue's hair stand on end, that it was to the Southern Company that Lord SALISBURY "proposed to make a gift of twenty thousand pounds" for a survey in a district which is nowhere within five hundred miles of the Southern Company's sphere, and dwelt on

the Duke of FIFE's connexion with that Company as the secret cause of this corrupt largesse. That Gladstonism means ignorance is not a novel experience, but it has rarely been better illustrated than in this instance. It is highly probable that the Gladstonian rank and file in Parliament do not know the difference between Mombassa and Mozambique, between Uganda and Mashonaland; but it is rather hard that they should have a voice in deciding questions on which they are so richly estated in nescience. Probably, however, it would make remarkably little difference whether they knew or not. It is sufficient for the minority that the Government recommend the grant. They must oppose it. In the few who look a little further there are no doubt reasons of some sort for their conduct. They have, as we have before pointed out, a sincere and—putting aside the credit or discredit of the feeling—a not wholly irrational dislike to the extension of British markets, the provision of new spheres for British enterprise. Such things avert the attention of the labouring population at home from their landlords' rent-rolls and bank-books. Besides, they sometimes provide places of emolument for the abominable classes who still do the most of the fighting and counselling of Britain. They offer absolutely no scope to the demagogic talent, and it is natural that the demagogues should hate them. Lastly, the newest master with which even demagogues have to reckon, the New Unionism, has a special objection to such things. It does not want new openings for trade, or fresh demand, or more work; it wants simply to limit work and put up wages.

Those, on the other hand, who are not demagogues ought to have found in the vote in aid of this scheme a thing thoroughly worthy of their support. We are not ourselves prepared to indulge in unmitigated panegyrics of the British East Africa Company. Its promoters, no doubt, have their own interests at heart; they finessed a little too much in their other capacity as promoters of the EMIN Relief Expedition; and though it does not lie in the mouths of their opponents to reproach them with parading philanthropy, and working the anti-slavery craze, they have certainly done so. But, as it so happens, their interests are wholly identical with those of England, and it is only fair that they should be helped. As has been shown at Lagos this week—as may be seen in a score of other places—the policy which did well enough in the old lazy days when the factories on the coast took whatsoever trade came to them from the interior, without asking questions or fearing competition or interruption, will not do now. It is true, moreover, that the thorough subjection of the interior of the English sphere to English influence would largely lessen the costly and troublesome duty of keeping the police of the seas in these parts, which is now incumbent on England. And, lastly, it is of the very highest importance that no rivals should establish themselves on the headwaters of the Nile. These are, we think, reasons more than sufficient for the grant asked, and it lay with its opponents to show cause against them. We are much deceived if they can succeed in doing so, even with the aid of Mr. GLADSTONE in one of his most mischievous moods.

THE MINERS' ADVENTURE.

IF the men who are endeavouring with too much success to persuade the coal-miners to cease work for a week or fortnight after the 12th of this month will only look dispassionately at the situation they have themselves created, three things must become very clear to them. They will find that they are attempting the impossible, that the course now followed by the men is calculated to hasten their inevitable defeat, and that nobody can profit by their effort to keep up prices except the retail dealers. All experience proves that prices cannot be maintained in the face of a diminished demand, and the market for coal has been restricted on all sides by the collapse of the fictitious prosperity of the River Plate Republics, by the reaction which has followed on the efforts of manufacturers to export the utmost possible amount of goods to France and the United States before the new protective tariffs came into operation, and by the slackening of work in the ship-building yards. Less coal is needed, and less will be bought, whatever the miners do. If prices are forced up, numbers of manufacturers will close their works, as they

have already threatened to do. But the miners are defeating their own ends. With the superficially intelligent intention of obtaining as much money as possible with which to play for their week or fortnight after the 12th—for there is to be no strike pay—they are working overtime. The result is that the output of coal has been increased so largely that the beginning of the strike may find the dealers in possession of stores which will last over the stoppage, so that when the men begin again it will be in a market fully glutted, and with the downward tendency of prices as marked as it was when they began. The consumer has only to look at his own house bills, and the published lists of prices, to see how advantageous the threat of the miners to strike has been to the retail dealers. They are selling the coal which they bought cheap very dear, and while the mineowner will suffer by the disturbance in business, and the miner by loss of wages, the dealer will keep that handsome difference in prices in his pocket. When he congregates on the Coal Exchange he naturally does his best to foster the panic.

It is to be hoped that whatever the miner may do, the consumer of coal for domestic purposes will not play into the hands of the dealers. His interest is to send in his orders as late as he can, to order the least he can do with, and to economize to the extent of his power. In the meantime the utmost should be done to persuade the miners who are following the lead of the Federation that they are not about to act for their own real good, though it is too probable that they will not listen to reason, but will persist in their effort to prevent the cold by putting the thermometer into hot water. The Durham men have refused to accept a reduction of wages, and the Federation shows itself obstinate. In Northumberland, however, the miners have been induced by Mr. BURT and Mr. FENWICK to accept a reduction of five per cent., and the strike is not thought likely to extend to South Staffordshire, South Wales, or Scotland, although the Fife and Kinross men threaten to go out. There is a possibility, and perhaps a stronger one than appears from the mere energy of the language they use, that the Yorkshire and Durham miners may reflect between this and next Saturday that the loss of two weeks' wages, or even of one week, will be quite as serious for them as a five per cent. reduction for the rest of the year. The very credible report that the Scotch mineowners are looking forward to a spell of good business while their English rivals are unable to compete with them should alone give the Federation pause. If, in spite of good advice and of common sense, they persist in their endeavour to force up prices, if they will attempt to avoid a future loss of wages by incurring a certain loss now, it is in their power to cause injury to the country, and to themselves. The suffering inflicted on the working class everywhere by even a temporary increase in the price of coal is already self-evident. People who buy in small quantities, and burn only one fire, cannot economize. But if the strike is persisted in long enough to produce the effect desired by the Federation, the indirect consequences will be even more serious. The railway Companies will discharge men who are no longer needed to load trains. Manufactories will be closed, iron-works shut in, furnaces damped down; the export trade will suffer, and with it all the sailors and dockyard labourers whom it employs. In the long run—and it will not be so very long—the results of this disturbance of trade will come back on the miners themselves. Diminished business will mean a diminished demand for coal; and it is not more certain that the water which goes up as vapour will come down as rain than that this will mean a fall in prices and a loss of wages. All this will be entailed upon the country and the coal-mining industry because the wire-pullers of the Federation have reasoned rashly on a single example. When a few years ago the coalowners refused a rise of wages, which they knew they must ultimately give, because they wished to create an artificial scarcity, in order to clear their yards, which were overstocked with inferior coal, they succeeded. The Federation is apparently persuaded that an imitation of that policy will answer for the men. But the masters had the advantage of a revival of trade and a rising market. To repeat the manoeuvre in a slack time, when prices are falling, can only make a bad state of things worse than before.

THE PLEASURES OF MR. MACNEILL.

NO one shall ever have an excuse for saying that we grudge our recognition of pluck and endurance, by whomsoever, or in whatsoever cause, displayed. We care not whether it be an overmatched prizefighter, or a schoolboy after a caning, or an Irish member fresh from listening to Mr. BALFOUR's reply to Mr. DILLON last Monday night, in the discussion of the vote for "30,486*l.* for expenditure connected with the relief of distress in Ireland." Therefore does our heart go out to Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, who, at the conclusion of the speech in question, said that "it was pleasant to see that in the person of the new FIRST LORD of the TREASURY they had yet the figure of their old friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland." To us it is pleasant, not only to notice this phenomenon "in the person of the new FIRST LORD of the TREASURY," but to observe certain other phenomena on the persons of our old friends the enemies of the late Chief Secretary for Ireland. But the admirable thing is that those who show the interesting marks to which we have referred should be able, for the moment, to take pleasure in anything, still more to bear generous, if rueful, testimony to the vigour and dexterity of the hand that imprinted them. Mr. MACNEILL—and we love him for it—is evidently a "glutton for punishment." It was necessary for some one on the Irish benches to rise—and, indeed, easier for any of them to do so than to sit down—when Mr. BALFOUR resumed his seat: that is to say, it was necessary to do so if the vote was to be "talked out" at all; and, after the truly exemplary castigation which had been administered to Mr. DILLON, as well put up Mr. MACNEILL as another. But "men may rise" in many other ways than that celebrated by the Laureate in a too-often quoted passage, and it will redound to the everlasting credit of Mr. MACNEILL that, even in these discouraging circumstances, he "came up smiling." He said "it was pleasant"; and an erring pupil assuring Dr. SWISHTAIL that he rejoices to find him re-invigorated by his holiday would hardly present a more heroic spectacle. It is true that the Nationalist has consolations denied to the schoolboy, and these we do not grudge him. He says that speeches like Mr. BALFOUR's will be "the charter of his party at the next general election." May they have many such documents to display!

We should, however, be wanting in due gratitude to Mr. DILLON were we not to acknowledge his services in this matter. If he underwent what was perhaps the smartest and most skilfully inflicted chastisement that has ever been received by any one in his quarter of the House from the same operator on the Treasury Bench—and that, as everybody knows, is saying a very great deal—it must be admitted that he placed himself in a most accommodating position; and one is rather at a loss to understand why he did so. Perhaps he thought—and possibly the loud yelpings of the Gladstonian pack during the last fortnight had encouraged the notion—that he would not find "in the person of the new FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, his old friend the Chief Secretary for Ireland"; or, at any rate, that he would find the old friend under a new face, and one to be slapped with less risk than formerly. It is of course impossible—for is not Mr. DILLON the *preux chevalier* of his party?—that he could have been calculating not on either a change of heart or change of face in the new FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, but simply on a change in the position of his hands, which would be found to be, comfortably and conveniently for his assailants, tied behind his back. The mistake, if Mr. DILLON were not morally incapable of it, would not be an unnatural one; for it is doubtless true that no Leader of the House of Commons can be said to have both hands free. Mr. BALFOUR has, of course, had to practise those arts of conciliation which are absolutely indispensable to the Minister charged with the conduct of public business in an assembly like the House of Commons; and the persistent attempts which have been made by the smaller (and more spiteful) fry of the Gladstonian party to represent him as having failed in this important part of his duty may possibly have emboldened some of his adversaries to assume that, in the hope of silencing these malicious critics, he would refrain from "hitting back." As it happened, indeed, he had, and no doubt judiciously, displayed remarkable longanimity in his previous dealings with the Irish party on this very evening. For the three hours' debate on the vote of 90,000*l.* for the Teachers' Pension Fund was quite

worthy of the "best period" of Parnellite obstruction. The precise financial condition of this fund is, no doubt, a matter of uncertainty, is indeed admitted by the Government to be so; but the contention that the proposed vote of a large sum of money towards it should be adjourned over the current financial year—a course which would result in the enforced application of the money to the reduction of the National Debt—is one which bears the stamp of its "frivolous and vexatious" character on its very face. And it is proof enough of itself of Mr. BALFOUR's willingness to allow, at least, the usual amount of "rope" to faction, that it was not till long after he had made the speech in which the situation was thus explained that he moved the closure of the debate. It is, indeed, pretty certain that, if he had taken that step immediately after the defeat of Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR's motion to report progress, even the present Chairman of Committees would not have refused to put the question that "The question be now put." Mr. BALFOUR, however, adopted the more indulgent course of allowing an additional prolongation of the debate; and his forbearance might well have led Mr. DILLON to imagine that the Leader of the House had both his hands tied behind him: in which case a man of a less chivalrous nature might have regarded him as an eligible object for a violent attack. Inasmuch, however, as Mr. DILLON is notoriously incapable of being influenced by any such ignoble motive, it is, of course, a matter of complete indifference whether he did or did not know that Mr. BALFOUR had one hand free, and this, the hand with which his assailant, in common with many other members of his party, has had frequent and painful opportunities of making acquaintance.

And whatever may have been Mr. DILLON's expectations in the matter, it will rejoice everybody who is interested in behalf of plain speaking and of the outspoken vindication of English administrative policy in Ireland to find that the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY remembers the Chief Secretary's swashing-blow. The claim of the Irish Nationalist members to credit, either in their own name or in Mr. MORLEY's, for the prompt and liberal measures taken by the Government to avert distress in Ireland is a pretension which can only be adequately dealt with in Mr. BALFOUR's earlier manner, and it would have been a thousand pities if, from a mistaken view of the obligations of his new post, he had laid aside the weapons of his former office. Political impudence could reach no higher pitch than that of the allegation that the Government required to be "spurred on" to the work of relief, unless it be reached in the assertion that the stimulus was applied to them by a cynical crew of agitators, whose one object from first to last was to exploit either English panic or Irish suffering—whichever of the two might best serve their turn—for the benefit of their own political ambitions. No two legislative measures which have been enacted for years past have done so much, Mr. BALFOUR may justly boast, for the material improvement of Ireland as the Light Railways Bill and the Congested Districts Bill, and both of these—the first with one or two exceptions, the second without any exception—were opposed by the men of whose opinions Mr. DILLON is the spokesman, and whose singular tastes in the matter of pleasure we must be supposed to be represented by Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL. Against the second reading of the latter Bill "every man below the gangway" voted," said the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY; and of Mr. DILLON in particular he added, "I have heard the member for Mayo make in this House countless speeches recounting the woes of Ireland, but never have I heard him make one practical suggestion, unless, indeed, I have to count among practical propositions the one practical contribution to the Irish problem he has been good enough to offer to-day"—which was that the Irish people should refuse to pay their rents.

A situation such as this, a speech and a speaker such as those by which and by whom Mr. BALFOUR was challenged the other night, ought not to be dealt with in the language of smooth official commonplace. If a Leader of the House deems it inconsistent with his position to reply to it in the only suitable spirit, the task should be delegated to the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant. But if, having himself held the latter office, and being the one man competent to meet the attack with its suitable reply, he himself assumes the duty of answering it, he does well. Anything would be better than that the benefits rendered by the Imperial Government to Ireland should be mendaciously libelled by Irish agitators, without some English Minister

being ready to repel their criticisms with the indignation which every Englishman, who is not a mere flatterer of Irish disaffection, must feel at the charge.

GERMANY.

IT is possible that, as in the case of the curious speech of the Emperor WILLIAM II. which immediately preceded them, a little too much may have been made of the riots in Berlin at the end of last week. In the former case, indeed, the EMPEROR himself has done his utmost to justify the magnifiers by prosecuting the *Cologne Gazette* for its comments. They were not very serious riots, the whole damage done not seeming to have exceeded two or three thousand pounds, and the whole "butcher's bill" not exceeding twenty or thirty persons more or less injured. The leaders of the Social Democrats, perhaps seeing that they were not very serious, did not encourage them; the respectability of Berlin does not seem to have been very much alarmed, and the celebrated "Judges in Berlin" do not seem to have had very much business created for them.

And yet it would, perhaps, be shortsighted to dismiss these riots as a mere sputter of no consequence, such as in all countries arises from time to time owing to the friction of hunger and discontent with an authority which is for the moment off its guard. Political memory, it seems, runneth to no riots of any consequence in Berlin for some forty years—a period during which few other European capitals can boast of similar impunity. The popular idea, too, of Berlin is of a town patrolled and inspected both by military and police in such a fashion as to render outbreaks impossible—a town where if you look at a sentry he shoots you on the spot, and if you whistle in passing a policeman he "runs you in." A good deal of this, no doubt, is a remnant of the old illogical prestige of 1870, which never dazzled or deceived accurate observers. The German has always been an admirably drillable animal, and capital raw material for a machine; he has also always been very bad at emergencies, and very liable to prove untrustworthy when the machine has to be adapted to new work. But a little after the real FARTZ's death the wonderful instrument which he and his father had forged became almost useless. What some sceptics have said all along is now being acknowledged by almost everybody about the war of 1870 itself—to wit, that the Germans had only to work on a ready prepared plan, that they did not after all follow it out without considerable blundering and mishaps, and that their success was due in the main to the almost inconceivable misconduct and misjudgment of their opponents. Now it is impossible to say whether there is a plan for putting down riot in Berlin pigeonholed at the Berlin police headquarters. If there is, time was probably lost in looking for it and at it. No true German official would have thought of acting for himself, like the inspector who finally stopped with a handful of men our own rioters of a few years ago in Oxford Street.

And yet—and yet—. It is the custom, not only now even chiefly among Tories, Absolutists, and other evil beasts, to take the unification of Germany as a thing accomplished once for all, and beyond the possibility of being affected by internal changes, social, political, or other. Of course there is a good deal to be said in favour of such a view. But some of these sceptics aforesaid have asked if there is not something also to be said on the other side. "If," they say, "from this cause or that, social or any other democracy were to prevail, is it so certain that Germany would hold together? Let it be remembered that there is now nothing, or next to nothing, of the romantic and poetical Unionism of 1848. The hour and the men are quite different. BARBAROSSA has answered HEINE's invocation; he has come out of the Kyffhäuser; he has led the victorious legions of Germany to the conquest of the Welshes, and he has brought back, not merely glory and gain, but the Unity of Germany. And the result is that Germany is much more heavily burdened and much less comfortable than when she snored under six-and-thirty monarchs." Perhaps it is not quite so easy to know what to answer. At any rate, we may by the help of these suggestions see two things—reasons for doubting whether the EMPEROR, crotchety as he undoubtedly is on some points, is not right in considering himself and his dynasty necessary to German unity, and reasons for doubting whether that unity is in other respects quite so much founded on the rock as some folk would have it to be.

AN ESCAPED SHIBBOLETH.

THERE was much interesting matter in the address delivered at Birmingham the other evening by Mr. W. S. LILLY to an assemblage of his fellow-Roman-Catholics on the Temporal Power of the POPE, but more interesting still were the thoughts suggested by the relation between the speaker and his opinions. Human nature, we imagine, will never lose—perhaps it would become but a dull affair if it ever were to lose—that spice of malice which makes us take pleasure in the intellectual inconsistencies of the thoughtful; and there was a good deal of this species of pleasure to be derived from Mr. LILLY's discourse. Fresh as he is from having launched a volume of admirably destructive criticisms upon popular "shibboleths," there is a certain piquancy of irony in noting the confidence with which he assumes the truth and vitality of that central proposition in his argument as to which the whole question is whether the changes in the modern world have not deprived it of all its living virtue. For there are "unpopular" as well as popular "shibboleths"—the catchwords of minorities as well as the claptrap phrases of majorities; and there are many among us who, while entirely sharing Mr. LILLY's views as to many of those verbal fetishes which he has demolished in his book, will be apt to think that the political dogma on which he has founded the main argument of his address would lend itself very readily to the same destructive treatment. We say nothing, be it observed, as to the propositions, other than political, upon which some Catholics, like the head of their Church himself, would prefer to rest their demand for the restitution of the Temporal Power of the Papacy, and to which Mr. LILLY himself of course, as in duty bound, refers. If any one, that is to say, contends that Rome, if not the Papal States, should be restored to the rule of the POPE because that rule is of Divine ordinance and origin, we have no criticism to make on that contention. But when a "Liberal Catholic" advances the strictly secular thesis that "the political independence, the financial independence, of the POPE is as necessary as it ever was" to the integrity of his spiritual authority, we are entitled to require much fuller proof of it than Mr. LILLY vouchsafes to supply. We are quite sure, at any rate, that he would not allow any one of his adversaries' "shibboleths" to obtain admittance into the company of assured and accepted political truths without demanding from it a much stricter account of itself.

We feel tolerably certain, for example, that he would never have given ear to evidence so anachronistic as that which he has himself brought forward to prove the supposed necessity of the Temporal Power. It is really idle to quote Lord BROUGHAM and Lord LANSDOWNE in illustration of the opinions which eminent English Whigs of strong anti-Catholic prepossessions could express on this subject in 1849. The face of Europe has been transformed since 1849, and a whole series of great events has occurred—the defeat of Austria, the downfall of France, the rise of the Italian Kingdom—events any one of which, and certainly all of which taken together, would have, without doubt, been regarded by both the two eminent Whigs in question as in themselves more dangerous to the spiritual independence of the POPE than the mere loss of his temporalities. It is certainly no unfair presumption that, if they were alive now, and perceived that the pastoral authority of that august shepherd whose Divine commission runs emblazoned round the cupola of St. Peter's is not less, but rather more, powerful over his flock than before, they would have materially modified the opinions which Mr. LILLY has quoted. Nay, the best of it is that Mr. LILLY himself has modified them in adopting them as his own; for we may be pretty sure that neither BROUGHAM nor LANSDOWNE nor any statesman, English or foreign, forty years ago, would have favoured that scheme of "international guarantees" which Mr. LILLY suggests, and which in their opinion, as we dare say in that of the present POPE himself, would only serve to emphasize, without in any degree diminishing, what the statesmanship of that era would have regarded as the dangerous dependence of the POPE's present position. Mr. LILLY himself is careful to observe that LEO XIII. may or may not regard the proposed *modus vivendi* as an acceptable one; it is for the Holy Father himself to say that. It is difficult to imagine his saying any thing but one about it; namely, that thing which he has persisted in saying to all proposals of compromise throughout his Pontificate. We can understand and respect

his attitude, and though it is no doubt what is commonly called impracticable, it is not really any more so than the suggestions which "Liberal Catholics" like Mr. LILLY recommend to him.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE dog, to gain his private ends, went mad, and bit M. CONSTANS. The name of the dog is FREYCINET, and his private end is the Presidency of France. This is the explanation of the French Ministerial crisis given by the Correspondent of the *Times*. The *Soleil* says it was a fight between the bulldog CONSTANS and the cat FREYCINET; and that the cat, coming artfully up behind, felled the bulldog with "one blow of his claw." From this we gather that cats are larger or bulldogs smaller in France than in this country; unless, indeed, the strange-looking natural history of the *Soleil* is to be explained by its want of familiarity with the habits, personal appearance, and military tactics of the beasts it names. Such are the sagacious interpretations of gentlemen who will be known by their insight into millstones. Less ambitious persons will be content to explain a not very mysterious event by the manifest fact that crises are likely to be common in legislative Chambers which possess no permanent majority, and are divided by bitter hatreds, both political and religious. Intrigue and rivalry are likely to be active in such an element, but, even if they were not, confusion and instability of Cabinets would be inevitable. Whether M. DE FREYCINET has tripped up M. CONSTANS or not, we know that, whenever the Radicals and Conservatives dislike any third party sufficiently, they can upset it, but will combine for no other purpose. This is, after all, the dominating fact in the French Chamber, compared with which the truth or falsehood of the backstairs information and valets' tittle-tattle collected by newspaper correspondents is of absolutely no importance.

The immediate result of the French crisis has been what everybody in Europe foresaw. A stopgap Ministry has been formed, under the nominal Premiership of an almost unknown man. It includes M. DE FREYCINET, M. ROUVIER, and M. RIBOT, the three well-known Opportunist politicians, but it does not include M. CONSTANS. The late Minister of the Interior is reported to be exceedingly angry, which is unreasonable. He describes the position accurately enough, if, indeed, he has said that he was taken as a mercenary soldier to do a piece of fighting, and is discharged now that the enemy is beaten. It is upon these terms that the soldier of fortune serves. The future of the Ministry from which he is excluded is not difficult to forecast. The fact that its chief, M. LOUBET, is an obscure Deputy, who owes his present place to the unwillingness of men of more distinction to run the risk of incurring discredit, would not of itself prevent the Ministry from lasting. It will, unless the chapter of accidents contains a very great surprise, be soon upset, simply because it is going to repeat that policy of endeavouring to blow simultaneously hot and cold which has already failed so signally with M. DE FREYCINET. Even without the help of the platitudes and repetitions in M. LOUBET's declaration last Thursday, this was made clear by the construction of the Ministry. Its most important members are Opportunists. M. LOUBET himself is a politician of the same stamp, and has always expressed himself in favour of a "policy of pacification." This predominance of the Opportunists, combined with the pointed neglect of M. CLÉMENTEAU by the PRESIDENT during the late crisis, accounts for the angry hostility of the Radicals. Their anger is in no degree diminished by M. LOUBET's choice of M. VIETTE, a Radical, as his Minister of Public Works, and M. RICARD, a noted Anti-Clerical, as Minister of Justice and Public Worship. The mere presence of two members of their party in a Cabinet in which they will possess no real power will not satisfy the Radicals. On the other hand, the nomination of an Anti-Clerical to the very office in which he would be best able to insult and injure the Church, and the decision not to withdraw the Associations Bill, are very likely to exasperate the Conservatives. Another combination of these parties is, therefore, eminently probable. It will not be made less likely by the manifest determination of the Radicals to punish M. CARNOT for his undisguised dislike of them. They will have the help of M. CONSTANS, who is known not to be acceptable to the PRESIDENT, and is smarting under his exclusion from M. LOUBET's Cabinet. A soldier of fortune who has been deprived of good quarters,

pay, and allowances can hardly be blamed for proving to his late employers that they would have done better to retain his sword. We see no reason to doubt that the help of the Conservatives will be given to the Radical attack on M. CARNOT. It might perhaps be wiser in them not to help in upsetting a President who has on the whole shown himself in favour of the decent treatment of the Church; but the temptation to prove once more that there can be no stability under the Republic will probably overpower this prudential consideration, which is after all of doubtful force. Something, too, must be allowed for the social contempt felt for M. CARNOT by the Conservative leaders. Influenced by one or both motives, they are very capable of helping the Radicals to pass a vote of censure on the alleged undue influence of General BRUGÈRE, and in that case a Presidential crisis will be added to the Ministerial.

MORNING SITTINGS.

IT is no doubt an unusual, if not an unprecedented, circumstance for the House of Commons to find itself called upon to hold morning sittings on Tuesdays and Fridays before the Session is a month old. But the situation out of which the demand has arisen is itself unusual. A seventh Session, to begin with, is no very common occurrence in our Parliamentary history; and it is still more uncommon for a Government to commit themselves in such a Session to such heavy legislative engagements as they have undertaken in the present year. And assuredly it is rare, indeed, for them to have to do with a House of Commons in the precise mood which now prevails in that assembly—a mood which is as hostile to the transaction of Ministerial business as it is unfavourable to the exercise of their privileges by private members. Already in these early days the House has been three times counted out on a private members' night, and there is no reason to suppose that the "rising young men" of the Opposition, consumed as they are by mutual jealousies, would have been any more willing in the future than they have been in the past to provide each other with facilities for self-display. On the other hand, the state of "financial business"—to use the perfectly unambiguous expression in which Mr. GLADSTONE finds so many possible meanings—is, as Mr. BALFOUR pointed out, in a condition which renders some such appeal to the House a matter of obvious necessity. There are twenty-six votes to be taken on the Supplementary Estimates—some of them, as was observed by the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY, not altogether of an uncontroversial character. There are Army and Navy votes to be obtained, and, in addition to all these engagements, it is of high importance to the legislative business of the Government that the adjourned first readings of certain Ministerial measures should be taken without further delay, in order that these Bills may as soon as possible be printed and their details made public.

The position, in fact, of the Leader of the House was so strong that the much-talked-of "resolute resistance" that was to have been offered to his demand on the Opposition benches speedily collapsed. Mr. GLADSTONE's complaint of the Ministerial motion that it rested a very wide proposal on a very narrow basis, was promptly met and disposed of by Mr. BALFOUR's ready consent to limit the term of its operation to the weeks before Easter; and thereafter the debate resolved itself into a series of attempts on the part of private members to rescue their own or their friends' days from the wreck—attempts which incidentally brought to light the agreeable fact that the hearts of the English Radical and the Irish Nationalist do not at all necessarily beat as one when it is question between the claims of the Irish grievance and the English fad. These endeavours were not attended with much success; and their authors, we fear, will not enlist any larger measure of public compassion. We even doubt, indeed, whether emotion would have been profoundly stirred in any quarters by the withdrawal of private members' privileges, not merely until Easter, but till the end of the Session. If these gentlemen could but understand how slight is the interest taken in the vast majority of their "motions" by any human being outside the circle of their friends, families, and perhaps constituencies, and how, in this particular Session, that always diminishing amount of interest has touched the vanishing point, it might not, indeed, reconcile them to the fate to which they are annually called upon to submit, but it might at least brace them to bear it without unmanly lamentation.

The only real concern of the public is that the victims—and this less for their own sake than that of the national business—should not be sacrificed in vain. But we cannot deny that this waste of human suffering, in its acutest form of wounded vanity, has sometimes occurred. The morning sitting has too often proved to be somewhat in the nature of a snare, and Ministers who have thought to make so much progress by "taking Tuesdays and Fridays," and getting to their business at two o'clock, have risen with sadly disappointed hopes at the hour of seven. It will be for the Leader of the House to see that this does not happen on the present occasion, and to keep a firmly controlling hand upon the idle, or deliberately obstructive, talker in order to prevent it.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

TO-DAY'S election has been preceded by a busy week of meetings on both sides, and if meetings clear the air, the voting ratepayers should benefit by the consequent "visibility." We use now the language of meteorology with a view to a forecast. All we require to ensure good government for London for the next three years is a heavy poll to-day. The sporting prophets of the Gladstonian cause are sufficient examples of the egregious calling. They have been very much abroad this week. But we are not tempted to prefigure, to a "nicely calculated less or more," how much more abroad they will be found next week. It cannot be said that their oracles are dumb, though they make a somewhat reckless exposure of the beggarly machinery that works them. London, they tell us, is already "captured" by the most musical noise of the Liberal campaigners. To music Thebes arose, and to music Jericho fell. But these two miracles are not to be wrought by one and the same blast. He must be a braggart commander who pronounces the victory for his side before ever a blow is struck, and while the stronghold is still intact. Such, however, is the way of the Liberal tipster. "Listen to our 'noise,'" says he, "look at our meetings"—which is what we hope the ratepayers have done, and what we propose to do—"London is won, and we know the secret of success." The secret of this visionary capture is extremely "simple." It is simply this, according to the *Daily News*—"To ask, is 'to have.'" What could be more enticing to a simple garrison, such as the prophetic Progressive imagines the London ratepayers to be? But there have been signs among the Progressive ranks of misgivings as to the value of this simple practice in the campaigning art. Their banner with a strange device has become embarrassing. "To promise is 'to pay'" is a pretty device as long as you may avoid awkward questions as to who pays. But when the ratepayers discovered that it was they who would be called upon to pay the promises of the Progressive programme, the situation was a little altered. Hence, in the place of brassy panegyrics on themselves, the Progressives and their supporters have taken to denouncing the wickedness of those who harass a virtuous and incorruptible Council. There has been during this last week much vague and windy speechifying about the happiness of the people of London and the good intentions of Progressives; but of zeal for the "programme" there has been a decidedly cooling decline.

Lord ROSEBURY's activity must obviously be taken as proof of his faith in the political efficacy of the Gladstonian-Progressive alliance, rather than as evidence of his enthusiasm for Progressivism. He would not be called a Progressive. He wanted to know what the Progressive programme was, when speaking at the St. James's Hall, as if he was unaware that the document in question had been circulated in every electoral division by the Progressives and their agents. Perhaps he spoke as a rival programme-maker, whose little circular had found fewer subscribers than its monstrous competitor. But, though no Progressive he, but only a Liberal, Lord ROSEBURY has allowed himself to be nominated as one for the present election. And he has been unremitting in support of Progressives, although one of the objects of their programme is the taxation of ground-rents, which Lord ROSEBURY declared three years ago was not a question for discussion by the County Council. At the St. James's Hall, Lord ROSEBURY showed extraordinary alacrity in avoiding the critical points of Sir HENRY JAMES's exposition of the acts and promises of a Progressive Council. The ratepayers who would have to pay the piper—to the tune of one hundred millions—were not informed of the fact that they, and they only, must pay for the redemption of Pro-

gressive promises. Instead of replying to Sir HENRY JAMES, he fell back, like a true Progressive, upon fractious complaints of a wicked Tory Government, who had harassed and thwarted a well-meaning Council and marred its noble endeavours. Indeed, in the genteel art of gliding, which the plain man calls shuffling, Lord ROSEBURY showed some ingenuity. He talked of signs of the times, rioting in Berlin, May-day celebrations, and a "large and generous 'policy,'" just as the platform orator is apt to do when at a loss for argument. He was exquisitely inconsequential and exuberantly florid; but, as for refuting the criticisms of Sir HENRY JAMES, there was scarcely the attempt to meet them in the way of reason. It was especially unhappy in Lord ROSEBURY to ask Sir HENRY JAMES, in connexion with the question of police control and the unity of London, if he remembered his former colleague, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Sir HENRY JAMES was explicit in this matter. He had emphatically stated that he did remember Sir WILLIAM and his little Bill in 1884, and he remembered that no one was more opposed to making over the control of the police to the County Council than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Altogether, we suspect that Lord ROSEBURY's reply to Sir HENRY JAMES will have sensibly promoted the cause of the Moderate candidates in the battle to-day.

MR. DIXON-HARTLAND'S MOTION.

THE counting out of Mr. DIXON-HARTLAND's motion for a Royal Commission "to investigate the action and 'extravagance of the London School Board'" only supplies a further reason for commenting upon it. A count-out is sometimes more than a proof of the indolence of honourable members, but it is frequently evidence of that and of nothing else. To take it for granted that a counted-out motion is a condemned one, is at any rate rash. In the present case it would be absurd, and therefore it is the more desirable to draw attention to what the member for Uxbridge said. The waste of immense quantities of the ratepayers' money, and the fleecing of him by dishonest contractors and lip servants, are not small evils. It is to be wished that they could be visited by some form of punishment which their authors would feel more acutely than exposure and criticism—penalties to which the tribes of fad-mongers and self-seekers are by nature callous. As the House will not lend its help to the application of the greater whip, there is the more need that those who can apply the lesser should not fail. Mr. DIXON-HARTLAND did his part remarkably well, as may be judged by the answer made for the old Board by Mr. BUXTON. The member for Poplar could only say that things were not quite so bad as Mr. DIXON-HARTLAND represented; that, if the London School Board has spent a monstrous sum of money, it has had plenty of time to spend it in—a plea, by the way, of which we must confess our inability to see the cogency; that, if teachers are very highly paid, life in London is dear and their salaries are not reinforced by allowances, pleas in which there is some point; and that, though there has been dishonesty, there has not been so much as people suppose. Mr. BUXTON rung the changes on that useful old formula "there has been great 'exaggeration'" till an honourable member dissolved the spell by uttering the approved formula. We are not forty, let there be an end; and there was an end of that sitting on a private members' night.

It was easier to go home to dinner than to answer Mr. DIXON-HARTLAND. He stated with force and in good order the overwhelming evidence of the Board's extravagance. The waste in salaries is a point on which little need be said. Teachers in London Board schools are paid unnecessarily highly, but cutting down the workman's hire to the quick is a trumpety economy in such cases. The whole excess in their combined salaries does not amount to the waste on one dishonestly executed building contract, and if the Board's worst sin were that it had enabled a score, or even two, of industrious married couples to earn 600*l.* a year when they might have been secured for 400*l.*, we do not think that it would have given the Recording Angel much trouble. It is not extravagance in salaries which has caused the increase in the rates to be 44*l.* 15 per cent., while the increase in the number of attendances has been only 4*l.* 12 per cent. between 1889 and 1891. Interpreted into pounds sterling, what these figures mean is, that whereas "in 1883 240,000 children were educated for 679,595*l.*, 'in 1891 it cost 1,403,280*l.* to educate 349,291 children, 'or more than double the amount to educate only

"100,000 more." This preposterous waste has been due to much more effectual methods of evacuation. The store superintendents have been allowed to buy as they pleased. In obedience to a universal law laid down long ago by Dr. SWIFT, and verifiable by the experience of every housewife, the servant has ordered lavishly for the credit of the family. 329,129 books, weighing fifty tons, have been returned by the teachers as superfluous. The cost of supplying books has accordingly risen from 1s. 10d. to 3s. per child, which alone accounts for the waste of over 20,000*l.* Skeletons of men and fishes have been bought on a scale adequate to the needs of several ancient Universities. But even this is a trifle. The one great and sufficient explanation of the outrageous growth of the school-rate is to be found in the outlay, not of tens and twenties of thousands, but of millions of pounds, on building. Bad bricks and mortar, unhealthy sites, and scamped work have laid his present burden on the ratepayer—not salaries, or skeletons of codfish, or tons of primers. 4,778,746*l.*—ten times the whole revenue of the Crown in the Armada year—have been spent on building, exclusive of sites and fittings. The quality of the work in the case of 163 schools out of 356 erected by the Board is notorious. The quality of the sites is illustrated, to take one case out of the many quoted by Mr. DIXON-HARTLAND, by the Globe Terrace School in Bethnal Green. At this place of education, the fact that seventy children were absent on the sick list led to an investigation, and to the removal of two cartloads of decomposing vegetable and other refuse from under the floor. All this bad work, and its shameful consequences, all this encouragement of scamping and jerry-building, all this propagation of disease among the weak and helpless—than which no more abject offence can be committed by man—is directly traceable to the carelessness and ignorant over-haste of the old Board, on which Mr. Justice DAY commented in a notorious trial. If this does not constitute a good case for a Royal Commission, we do not know what does. It may not be possible to inflict any punishment beyond shame on the members of the conceited and incompetent governing body which was in the last resort responsible; but it would be both possible and desirable to guard against the recurrence of such ignominy by a blasting exposure, and the elaboration of effective safeguards against such misconduct in future.

A HAPPY RE-ENTRY.

IT was not more pleasant for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to address his friends in Paddington, on behalf of the other friends whom he wishes to see elected to the County Council, than it is for us, in the circumstances, to welcome him upon his reappearance on the platform. Considerations upon which it would be uncivil to do more than touch make it only the more agreeable to meet him with a sincere expression. His return might well have been so different. Happily we have only to note this for the purpose of heightening the satisfaction caused by the character of the reappearance he has actually made. If Lord RANDOLPH has supplied any political draughtsman who might yesterday morning be in want of a subject for a cartoon, it will, at least, show him well employed. The hint he has given is capable of effective treatment. "I should like"—so ran his Instructions to a Painter—"to perch myself on the pillow of every slumbering Unionist, and to shout into his ear, with the voice of a trumpet, 'Wake, rouse yourself! London is to be fought for to-day.'" Within the limitations imposed upon even the most enterprising politician by the unmanageable nature of things, he has done his best to deliver this appeal to the Unionist ear. His speech will at least have stated the undoubted fact to every Unionist eye on Friday morning, which is the next best thing to pealing it into the ear on Saturday.

That part of Lord RANDOLPH's address which touches directly on the government of London may be passed over here. It could not be discussed without repetition of much which we discuss elsewhere. And in this case, too, repetition would be the less pardonable because the most effective parts of his address were devoted to that Separatist manoeuvre of which the Progressive campaign is only the screen. It is not the least striking instance of the cool impudence which distinguishes the converts of Mr. PARNELL—a competent instructor of willing pupils—that they are asserting at the present moment that, not they, but the Unionists, are responsible for making the municipal elections

of London political. With this empty pretence Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL made very short work. The work which he made with the gentle Machiavellism of Lord ROSEBERRY was in his best and most effective manner. But he was most telling, because he was plainly most pleased, with his task when he was dealing with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. The sudden zeal for municipal administration, and for the conquest of the "great monopolies," displayed by the politician whose own London Government Bill was buried under his own endless talk, and whose only share in the work of bridling the monopolies hitherto was his successful obstruction of Lord BEACONSFIELD's Bill for the expropriation of the Water Companies, supplied a very tempting subject. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL did good service in showing the Paddington ratepayers what Sir WILLIAM's zeal meant then and what it means now. He would be an infinitely less hard hitter than he is by nature if he had not made effective use of Mr. MORLEY's characteristic indiscretion about the more or less pious opinions of the young men dreaming dreams to whom the Progressives ask London to entrust its affairs. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had only to put Mr. MORLEY's words together, and ask his audience to think what they mean. But the chief merit of Lord RANDOLPH's speech was the boldness and good sense with which he attacked that favourite Progressive paradox, the right of London to exactly the same form and degree of Local Government as is enjoyed by provincial towns. By a happy and effective illustration, he made the absurdity of the comparison manifest to every one of his hearers. A cricket-ball and a cannon-ball are both balls; but it does not follow that a man can take the second in hand as easily as the first. What a 15-inch spherical shot is to a cricket-ball, London is to Birmingham or Manchester. The Administration which can deal with either of these important cities would be inadequate to the government of the five millions of London. But, even if comparative size did not make the proposal to assimilate the capital to provincial towns ridiculous, the mere fact that it is the capital should ensure the rejection of the Progressive demands. The management of London is a national as well as a local affair, and the question of the control of its police is one for the national Government. The passage in which Lord RANDOLPH insisted on this obvious difference compares very favourably with Lord ROSEBERRY's rather gushing rhetoric. We could wish that he had condemned the demand more emphatically than he did, and could for the sake of a vigorous condemnation even have spared his effective demonstration that the Separatist leaders had rejected in advance the Progressive claim which they support. But though Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL did not draw the deduction himself, he supplied his hearers with ample means for doing so. When engaged on that task he was on the side of good sense and good government, which is where we are very glad to see him, and hope he will always remain.

SUBMERGED PARIS.

PARIS has no East End, no quarter entirely given up to poverty and crime, no great masses of squalid life. The poor are scattered more or less all over the town, except in the extreme west, though, of course, they are more numerous in some districts than others. Formerly they clustered thick in the centre, but the process of rebuilding and improvement is gradually driving them away to the outskirts of the town. Some of the ancient rookeries, indeed, still remain, and in certain parts of old Paris, such as the neighbourhood of the Cité, the Sorbonne, and the Jardin des Plantes, the districts of St.-Merri and St.-Antoine, there is yet many a foul alley, many a criminal haunt within a few yards of some stately thoroughfare; but the very poor have gone further afield, and are principally to be found in the neighbourhood of the fortifications, so that the city is encompassed by a sort of zone of degraded life. Of the twenty *arrondissements* into which Paris is divided, the poorest are the 20th, which lies due east, and includes Belleville, the Père-la-Chaise district, and Charonne; the 11th immediately adjoining it, and including La Roquette; the 18th, due north, beyond Montmartre, and the 15th, in the south-west corner around the factories. In all these parts and in the neighbourhood of the docks numbers of small, dirty streets exist, consisting of poor, ill-built, and sometimes dilapidated houses; but there is no sign of widespread misery, not much overcrowding, as we should reckon it, and, above all, no cellar population. The worst dwellings are those

occupied by the famous rag-pickers, who, indeed, exhibit a style of living equal to anything in the slums of London. A large number of them live to the north, beyond the heights of Montmartre, within and without the city barrier; and this is, perhaps, the best quarter in which to study the very poor of Paris. A literal description of what is to be seen there will give a fair idea of how they live.

Just beyond the cemetery of Montmartre lies the Rue Mercadet. Houses are here few and far between, and the street is bounded by walls, in which an occasional doorway gives entrance to some straggling garden or other piece of open ground. Over one of these doorways are the words *Cité Maupy*. It is a rag-pickers' colony. Inside you find a large open space, having a singular broken-down appearance, but with nothing or little offensive about it; for the brilliant sunshine penetrates every corner and eats up the squalor. The place reeks of rubbish. Here is a heap of old iron, there a shed full of scraps of paper, and there, again, a clothes-line on which a few filthy rags are fluttering. The very bushes look as if they had come out of some dust-heap. The rag-pickers' cottages line one whole side of the yard, and also form three or four little streets, projecting into the centre from the top end. They are about ten feet high, of one story only, and very poorly built. Families occupy generally two rooms, measuring some ten feet by eight feet, and connected by a doorway without a door; or rather the cottage is divided into two rooms by a partition which does not run quite across, but leaves a gap to serve as a doorway. As the floors are of tiles laid simply on the ground, and the walls extremely thin, these little rooms are excessively damp and cold. The interior arrangements depend, of course, on the tenants; in some cases they are tidy enough and tolerably comfortable, in others wretched; the majority incline to the latter condition. The rent of a cottage is three francs a week, which seems a great deal, considering how far out of Paris it is. A much more comfortable room can be had, say in *l'oplar*, for almost the same money. The landlord lives on the premises and looks after his tenants. He is an elderly man dressed as a workman, but very well spoken and evidently educated. Formerly a musician in a theatrical orchestra, he now devotes himself entirely to the *Cité Maupy*, in which he appears to take considerable pride, and with some reason; for this colony, which numbers about one hundred and fifty, including children, is very select and a highly favourable specimen. Only a superior class of rag-pickers is admitted. There is poverty here, and great poverty; but it is not of that helpless kind which has sunk involuntarily to what it is, and will inevitably sink lower. On the contrary, it is conscious, premeditated, cheerful, and even prosperous in its way. The refuse amid which these people live—the broken tins here, the rags there—is deceptive; it is not a sign of decay, but of industry, a stock-in-trade, a means of livelihood. For their class they are well off here and enjoy certain advantages. For instance, the situation is very open and the place as fresh as such a place can be. That it is not unhealthy the old people show; for here, sitting in the sun, and still hale, is a grandam over eighty, who has successfully weathered the storms of recent winters. And here is another of sixty-five, the mother of thirteen, who still works for her own living, and is as hearty a woman for her years as you may wish to see. Indeed, the better class rag-pickers are not amiss in their personal appearance, except that their backs are bent from perpetually carrying heavy burdens, and their hands have become veritable talons in shape, texture, and hue. A second advantage here is a grocer's shop, kept by the landlord's son and daughter-in-law, where necessities can be had cheap and handy, including (of course) drinks of all kinds from absinthe to Bordeaux. The quality of these latter, however, is not guaranteed, as there is a printed notice stating that all liquors are sold *comme produit de fantaisie*—a thoroughly French euphemism, designed to checkmate the inspector of adulteration from the *laboratoire municipale* without unduly alarming customers. A third convenience on the premises is a *maitre chiffonnier*, or wholesale rag-merchant's establishment, which consists of a large barn containing assorted heaps of rubbish and a weighing-machine. Such is a superior rag-pickers' colony.

If now you leave the *Cité Maupy*, and continue northwards by the Avenue St-Ouen, after passing the barrier you come into the Boulevard Victor Hugo. It is a poorly built, still-growing street, out of which run at intervals a number of narrow alleys, about one hundred yards long. They are bordered by one-storied hovels, similar to those already described, but not nearly in such good condition. In many the windows are broken, and patched with paper, rags, or boards; and if you look into an empty one you will see the slime oozing from the walls and floor. There is a smell of chilly, fetid darkness in them. They are absolutely devoid of all fittings—not a scrap of woodwork, not a fireplace or a flue, and one shudders to think of the winter here. One of

these alleys is entered by a narrow passage leading through a sort of small yard, which for sordid squalor could not be surpassed by the worst court of St. George's in the East. Blocked at both ends by a three-storied building which also fills up one side, and bounded on the other by a high wall, it forms a regular well into which no sun penetrates. The ground is wet under foot, though rain has not fallen for many days; in the basement are some horrible-looking cellars, or rather pits, and up above, where a dilapidated balcony runs along the first floor, hang some abominable rags trying to dry. In this dismal spot little children are playing. The whole place reeks of dirt and decay, yet it is not old, and seems to have been intended for a kind of model dwelling. This suggests the question why no attempt is made to provide these poor people with better accommodation; the reason is that all this district and similar ones near the barriers are within the military zone, and would be immediately appropriated for military purposes in case of war. Under these circumstances, of course, neither the State nor private individuals care to apply money to the erection of solid and permanent buildings. The tenants of the hovels just described are of an inferior class to those of the *Cité Maupy*. They commonly club together for the rent, and sometimes as many as ten will share a cottage.

Rag-pickers in Paris may be taken as representing the still industrial section of the "submerged," in that they work for a living, to some extent at least. They stand midway between the labourer and the tramp, and include in their ranks those of the former class who have gone under, but have not quite sunk to the level of the latter. On the one side they touch respectability, on the other vagrancy and crime. There are between 40,000 and 50,000 of them, and they are divided into three classes, exclusive of the *maitre chiffonnier*, who is quite a well-to-do man. At the bottom comes the *ramasseur de nuit*. He is not born a rag-picker, as most of the better ones are, but is generally a labouring man who cannot get work and has exhausted his resources. He takes a sack and collects haphazard from any refuse he can find such things as he judges saleable, in order to make a few sous to keep body and soul together. He is a night bird, and only one degree above the common tramp. Gradually he gains experience, learns to distinguish the most profitable kinds of refuse, and the quarters where they are to be found, and ends by going to live in a colony as a regular *chiffonnier*. There are 6,000 of this class. The next is the *coureur*. He is more expert than the *ramasseur de nuit*, but has, like him, no regular work—he comes and goes where and when he likes, and owns no master but his own fancy. This is the largest class, and numbers some 20,000. The third is the *placier*, who is in quite a different position. He is licensed by the police, and has a definite beat; that is to say, so many houses in a particular street, the refuse of which is his monopoly. The goodwill of a beat can be bought and sold, and is worth from 40 to 120 or 150 francs, according to the district. On the other hand the *placier* is obliged to make his round every day under the penalty of losing his place. He goes out in the morning with his basket and visits the houses on his beat. At each house he takes the portable dustbin, containing the previous day's refuse, from the cook, carries it out on to the pavement, and overhauls it while waiting for the municipal dust-cart to pass. He may be seen at work any morning about seven or eight o'clock, or earlier. The *placier* always works with his wife and children, and many *placiers* possess a horse and cart. Having gone his round, he returns home and sorts his gleanings. He sits down, with his sack or basket before him, and three or four empty ones at hand, into which he throws the things as they come. The assorted products are sold by weight to the *maitre chiffonnier*, who gives from 2 to 200 francs per 100 kilogrammes, according to quality. The *ramasseur de nuit* gathers, on an average, 15 kilogrammes a day, the *coureur* 25 kilos, the *placier* 40 kilos. If the mean value is taken at 6 frs. the 100 kilos, that makes the *ramasseur's* daily earnings equal to 90 centimes, the *coureur's* 1 fr. 50 c., and the *placier's* 2 frs. 40 c. The total profit drawn by these people directly from the refuse of Paris averages 71,400 frs., or not far short of 3,000l. a day. An inevitable, but not uninteresting, comparison here suggests itself. The refuse of London, which must be worth considerably more than double that of Paris, is almost absolutely wasted. Every place labelled "Rubbish shot here" illustrates the fact. A striking incident recently occurred in the making of a railway embankment in a London suburb. A good deal of it consisted of truck-loads of refuse brought down from town—such refuse as the Parisian *chiffonnier*, with his orange-peel and scraps of paper, hardly dreams of. Out of that London rubbish-heap he could have drawn in a single afternoon more than he would make at home in a month. There were hundreds of tin-baths, kettles, saucepans, and utensils of all sorts, many of them perfectly sound and all worth money; and there were tons of coal in small pieces. Close by lived a number of very poor people who might have

profited by these things brought to their door. But what happened? They did notice the coal, and took the trouble to pick it up, but they paid no attention whatever to the other things. They either did not know their value, or did not think it worth while to turn them to account. And the same thing may be seen every day in every direction. On the one hand, the reckless waste of the city; on the other, poverty, open-mouthed, greedy for help, but too lazy or too ignorant to get up and help itself.

WHEN WE FLY —.

TO say that flying-machines are "in the air" is not literally accurate, but as a figure of speech it may be allowed. Constantly we hear of them nowadays, not from Bedlam, nor from the garret of a crack-brained inventor, but from the most serious quarters. Mr. Edison himself, as is understood, has a project floating in his mind, to be worked out so soon as more urgent business is dismissed. Mr. Maxim, another *savant* not to be trifled with, has been engaged for many months past in projecting a mechanism which still enjoys his confidence. A few days ago it was announced that Major Moore has actually finished a model of a "flying-fox" in steel and woven silk, costing a thousand pounds, the trial of which may be expected shortly. As for lesser men occupied with such schemes in every civilized realm they are numberless. And it seems to be admitted generally by scientific persons that success is not impossible. Electricity has changed the former conditions. It is high time, therefore, to consider what the practical result may be when human beings learn to fly. Good folks generally overlook it in ecstatic contemplation of the delight.

So long as the apparatus costs a thousand pounds or more, weighs half a ton, and covers forty feet of space, flying may be joy unmixed for everybody, excepting those martyrs of science who break their necks. It will be a grand moment, indeed, when the first successful inventor rises from dull earth, amidst the acclamations of mankind, to explore the empyrean. We fancy the enthusiastic articles of the press next day—fancy them with dread, some of us, whose fate it may probably be to indite those dithyrambs. No warning word will be permitted to chill the universal jubilation. In truth, none will be requisite, so far. Gentlemen qualified to pay a thousand pounds for a machine are not likely to abuse it. Propriety in general holds hostages of theirs. Even if they yielded to an impulse of mischief, the weight and the dimensions of the thing would check them. These early voyagers might be trusted to flutter around in guileless gyrations, chiefly occupied in astonishing the public. But all experience tells us that a boon like this will not long be monopolized by the wealthy. Once the principle discovered, ingenious minds of the second and third order take possession of it, simplify the action, cheapen the materials, and bring it down hand over hand to a "commercial" value. In a few years we should expect to see the machines advertised at a price within reach of the multitude. Observing the wondrous development which M. Tesla promises for electricity, it is not extravagant to fancy that the grand item of expense at present, the motor, may be done away with entirely. In any case the flying mechanism would soon be procurable on hire, as bicycles are now. It might compete with cabs and railways in the suburbs. Thus the casual public with a few shillings to spend would enjoy the privilege of flight. What would happen then?

Well, in the first place, walls and fences, locked gates, rivers and moats and ditches would lose their *raison d'être*. Whilst still sufficing to keep out all harmless persons, they would be cheerily ignored by those very individuals against whom they were set up. This, in itself, suggests startling considerations. Since the Golden Age collapsed, it has always been found necessary to raise barriers of one sort or another around a man's domicile lest malefactors should walk in. The Golden Age has not returned; malefactors are not extinct by any means; but in the blessed day which some think at hand those precautions will be abolished. There is a great fuss, apparently, in the Highlands—among innkeepers at least—over the closing of certain paths which command a view. Cases have been fought at vast expense, and now are pending before the House of Lords. However those decisions go, the cost will be wasted if human beings learn to fly. An innkeeper defeated at law will invest in a stock of machines; and his tourist-clients will sail to the spot, above gates and fences. It will be vastly funny, of course, for every one except the laird. We may imagine the rush of keepers and gillies from point to point as winged bipeds soar above the horizon, now here, now there. How shall they be stopped? It is a maxim of law, no doubt, that the ownership of land extends from the heavens above to the waters under the earth. But that was not designed, assuredly, to meet the case of flying mortals. There

is a maxim more imperative—that the law must not be made ridiculous; and that would apply. Though the aerial voyagers were prevented from alighting, the purpose for which those paths were closed would fail—the deer and grouse would be frightened out of their wits. But it is not only in the Highlands that land-owners wish to keep out the swarm of tourists. They demand and obtain some privacy everywhere. But what will be the use of brick walls and barbed fences when excursionists skim over them in mid air, armed with luncheon-baskets, and vanish to picnic behind the trees? To find the spot chosen, if they be pursued, may be a long business, seeing that their visitors are independent of roads. Meanwhile refreshed with beer or champagne, they may speed to view the mansion, poised aloft, or settling at a point of interest. Those who have remarked the myriads of cyclists leaving London from Saturday to Monday may well think that this danger is not exaggerated. Flying should be at least as popular.

Visitors could no longer be stopped at the lodge gate if they knew themselves unwelcome. They might even perch in a commanding spot and come down suddenly with their little bill upon the unsuspecting householder as he strolled abroad. Love, as we know, has always laughed at locksmiths; but it has had to reckon with them hitherto. That will be done away. No good kicking the undesirable suitor out unless the young lady approve that course. Should she take a different view—as is the rule, perhaps—how is communication to be prevented? We do not shut our daughters in a dungeon nowadays, nor even confine them to their rooms indefinitely. But vigilance as degrading to one party as to the other would be needed, or the winged "detrimental" would find means for an interview. He could hang on to the window at night, and, without a ropeladder, but by devices yet more romantic, furnish a paragraph for the newspapers. Moreover pursuit would be so difficult, when the fugitives might fly to the next county before taking train, that they must be very unlucky if caught. Any boy or girl has wit enough to devise a plan for fluttering a hundred miles, leaving not a trace behind. Another class of persons still more undeserving of sympathy would benefit by the flying-machine. We cannot doubt that the thoughtful and enterprising "cracksman of the period" already has his eye on this device. To no order of mortals will it be so useful. No more raising of ladders, screwing up of doors, fixing entanglements of wire up and down. All those perilous and troublesome processes which represent the latest development of his art may be tossed aside. He and his trusty mate will just don their wings, and swoop to the window or descend on the roof; there to perform their operations in peace and confidence, assured of escape if the alarm be given. And who shall catch them once they take flight? So admirably will this invention be calculated for the use of malefactors in general that we should expect to see highway robbery re-established so soon as it became common. Why not? What extinct form of villany may not revive when a means of locomotion is invented which takes no account of barriers nor of roads, and leaves not even a footprint to identify the criminal? To that definition flying comes, if we put aside raptures and romance. It is possible, indeed, that science will provide us about the same time with new means for self-defence. We earnestly hope so.

AT THE LYCEUM.

ONE very natural consequence of the revival of *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum has been the general curiosity and interest in the archaeology of the production, concerning the beauty and fidelity of which the critical are agreed and admiration has been general. From the consideration of the presentation of this kind of truth it is but a step to another kind of truth, though it is a step that confronts us with a question of interpretation—the actor's reading of an historical character—and not with a question of antiquarian interest. Here are certain historic scenes, such as the trial of the Queen at Blackfriars, and a series of pictures of Tudor London, that are marvels of scenic art, surpassing, according to the sober opinion of artists well acquainted with Mr. Irving's previous achievements, anything that has been seen at the theatre. And here are certain great historical characters—the Cardinal, the Queen, the King; and it has occurred to persons of antiquarian disposition, beguiled by the admirable results of archaeological study in the scenic presentation, to carry their curious inquiry beyond right limits. They would apply the test of literalness to the actors. Here are pictures, it is said, that have engaged the thought and labour of experts—the old Bridewell Palace, York Place, the river at Westminster, and so forth—why, then, should we not have portraits?—and what sort of a man, for example, was Cardinal Wolsey to outward view? That these are obstinate questionings with many there can be no doubt

whatever. Nor is it altogether unnatural that this inquiry should arise in the minds of the various playgoers at a first visit to the elaborate and splendid *spectacle* at the Lyceum. The attention is concentrated upon the faithful reproduction of one set of documents, such as involves scenery and costumes. From this it is but a step to the inquiry after portraiture, and the one kind of historic truth—that which accords with the letter—is confused, possibly identified, with another kind of historic truth—namely, the actor's interpretation of an historical character. The literalist calls up a Wolsey with pale, broad face, not over-comely to look upon, without reflecting that Mr. Irving's acting could gain nothing in historic truth even had he observed the exact delineation that existing portraits give us. If fidelity of this kind could engage the actor's mind, he must renounce art altogether and produce nothing but *tableaux vivants*. If, in short, there is reasonableness in this contention of the literal person, we are reduced to an extreme absurdity. Mr. Irving, then, should wear the patch and play a profile part. The true Wolsey that Mr. Irving presents to us is not after this pattern of truth. His Wolsey is undeniably a persuasive and subtle interpretation of the character, and is obviously inspired, in its leading features, by historical study, though Mr. Irving's very original reading of the part is not, in the main, derived from Cavendish and the historians. It is based on what is, for acting purposes, the best of all authorities—the authority of the historical play itself. We are never permitted to forget that the dramatist has depicted this bluff Englishman, as he has been described, eager to gain the favour of all and sundry, when condescension and courtesy might serve his turn, as one who masked a nature of extreme subtlety, and was a master in the best school of Italian statecraft, for all his English training. This complex character Mr. Irving reveals, as one who has sounded its depths, and that his conception of the character accords with historic authority is, we think, as much beyond question as the vitality of the presentation.

The "top-proud fellow," the "cunning Cardinal," and other ungente epithets of Buckingham acquire fresh significance from Mr. Irving's acting. With delicate art we are made to feel the exaggeration of an enemy even while we are conscious of the underlying truth of his insinuations. We need not the warning addressed to Buckingham by the cautious, politic Norfolk to know that Wolsey was an adept in Machiavellian plot. Does not Buckingham hint of this himself when he speaks of Wolsey's craft working "spider-like out of his self-drawing web"? We are minded of this in the scene in the Queen's apartments, where the Queen is engaged at work upon another sort of web, and Wolsey and Campeius enter, to persuade her to put her trust in the King. Here, as in the Masquerade scene, where Wolsey watches the King dancing with Anne Bullen, the supple Cardinal is revealed with excellent insight. The gleam in the side-turned eyes, the working of the mouth, the enigmatic smile, indeed each change in the mobile face, when its mask-like quiet is touched to life, holds us with its fascination. And when he speaks, as in the characteristic appeal to the King just before he learns the unsuspected truth that he is dismissed, the bland accents, the indescribably honeyed tone of Mr. Irving's voice, irresistibly suggest the "witchcraft" in the tongue of the Cardinal. So also is it in the striking scene in the Queen's chamber, where, after enduring the fail of the Queen's denunciations with sphinx-like passiveness, Wolsey makes an insinuating movement towards the back of her couch, and, bending towards her over her shoulder, pacifies her with sugared words. The caressing gesture and the seductive tone are wonderfully moving. As to Miss Ellen Terry's Queen Katharine, we can but repeat our impression of the dignity and pathos with which the character is invested, both in the Trial scene, where the appeal to the King is spoken with exquisite grace and feeling, and in the scene with the two Cardinals, where the assertion of injured majesty is realized with equal spirit and truth. For the rest, we find nothing to subtract from our commendation of the "portraiture" of King Henry by Mr. Terriss; the picturesque, yet somewhat homiletic, Buckingham of Mr. Forbes Robertson; Mr. Stirling's excellent delivering of the Archbishop's speech; the humorous, yet discreetly humorous, "Old Lady" of Miss Le Thière; and the capital representation of Sands, the "honest country lord," by Mr. Gilbert Farquhar.

KAISER AND PAMPHLETEER.

AFTER such effusions as "Komm zurück, Bismarck," "Kaiser wird hart," "Kaiser, gib uns Brod," &c., comes, as the latest contortion of *unterdenkendenische verne*, a pamphlet under the title of *Bismarck and the Court*. There is little about Bismarck in it, and not much about the Court proper; still, what its

anonymous author does say of him of Friedrichsruh has provoked the Iron Chancellor to proclaim that he had nothing to do with the compilation—rendering thus the invaluable service of a unique advertisement to the pamphleteer—whilst the mode in which the immediate surroundings of the Kaiser are *épluchés* may well give food for serious reflection, especially if it be true that the judgments passed are but the echo of public opinion in the Fatherland; altogether it is difficult to imagine a stronger requisitory against William II. and his Ministers.

The author's starting point is that, by taking an active part in the everyday struggle of political factions, the Kaiser renders himself liable to, and justifies, every criticism. He has crushed—*zerschmettert*—Bismarck in his impatience of truth, but has never replaced that great authority; instead, he has surrounded himself with a quantity of ambitious and unprincipled people, amongst whom Miquel, "a real Jesuit *de courte robe*," is the moving spirit. The *Regis voluntas suprema lex*, says the author, "is a fiction in which nobody believes at Court; history is there to prove how the most autocratic monarchs have ever been under the influence of an inferior intelligence, descending sometimes as low as to their valets. And it is for princes full of their own worth that insinuating and honey-tongued adulators form the gravest peril."

Miquel, according to the writer, is one of those dangerous flatterers; an unparalleled dialectician, a brilliant orator, an experienced man of business; for has he not made a millionaire's fortune in a few years as director of the Disconto-Gesellschaft? He exercises a most pernicious influence on the excitable mind of the young Kaiser, and his insidious workings lead straight on the road to Canossa.

"The faith which the Kaiser has in himself makes him choose his entourage from amongst those who are entirely dependent on him, and who, placed as they are, ought to be blind executors of his commands; he willingly takes as co-workers such as, owing to their financial position, a numerous family, debts, &c., would stick to their office at any cost, and look up to him as their saviour." Foremost amongst these is Boetticher, the Vice-President of the Prussian Ministry, the one in whose teeth Bamberger threw in full Reichstag that his motto was *Kleben und kleben lassen*—alluding to the vexatious Stamp-duty on the insurance policies of artisans and working-men.

"Von Berlepsch, Minister of Public Works, and Von Heyden, Minister of Agriculture, are two redtapists of the purest water, who in their most ambitious dreams never thought of being anything else than puppets of a superior will. Herrfurth, Minister of the Interior, is a half-skin-deep Liberal, and a worthy acolyte of Miquel. Von Zedlitz has no other qualifications for his post as Minister of Public Worship than the examination he passed as an ensign—*Fähnrichexamen*—and the similarity of name with the patron of Kant. The administration of justice, under Von Schelling, makes short work of the supposition that Providence ever meant him for his high charge. Von Marschall, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, plays at decentralization over the head of the Kaiser, and at the bidding of his legitimate sovereign, the Grand Duke of Baden. The above, the wives of Boetticher and Von Marschall, the ex-preceptor Hintzpeter, Count Douglas, and the Polish Deputy Koscielski, with his wife, form the cenacle of the Kaiser; the Ministers divide the portfolios and all the most important charges with the military, for the Kaiser loves to be surrounded with uniforms, exterior symbols of absolute obedience. The first active steps of Caprivi yet during the Bismarckian crisis have proved that the new Chancellor has but to obey and to affix his signature to documents; nothing came from him up till now in the way of a Government Act. In foreign politics he is a dilettante, without the good fortune that great dilettanti often have. His speech at Osnabrück has given an excellent keynote to his so-called politics, and characterized remarkably well himself and his colleagues. There are good days and bad days, and one must take them as they come. Otherwise he sleeps the happy dreams of a private whose initiative consists in drawing himself up in position before a superior officer! The successors of the Iron Chancellor are chemists retailing Dr. Koch's lymph! The Imperial dilettantism disturbs everybody, upsets everything, Parliament, diplomacy, the press, even to the conception of monarchy. And with all that, great is the fear, in and outside the Reichstag, lest Bismarck should come and say his opinion *sine ira et studio*, and make everybody quake before him, like so many slaves at the sight of the whip."

Such is the substance of the pamphlet, of which nearly 20,000 copies have been sold in Berlin in a few days, and which has caused such consternation in official circles that the dictatorial hand, ever so prompt in dealing with paper-and-ink offenders, seems for the moment paralysed. The incisive style, the clearness of exposition, and an unusual—in German books—conciseness, make the pamphlet pleasant to read; the exactitude in

statements, and certain recent events—the numerous judicial scandals, with one of which Minister von Schelling was mixed up directly, and the clerical project of scholastic reform which has alienated so many supporters from Zedlitz—give it the interest of actuality. It is said even, that in high spheres it is spoken of as *Alarmbaciillus*, but no doubt some sort of microbe-killer will be soon devised to put that one and the like bacilli to rest.

MONEY MATTERS.

GREECE has now to be added to the long list of countries whose finances have recently become so embarrassed that its credit has broken down. The little kingdom has tried to play too important a part in the affairs of the world. It has spent too much upon its army and its navy, and, like individuals who pay their way only by constant borrowing, it has at last come to the end of its tether. Always there has been a deficit, and often a very heavy deficit, in the Budgets. Up to the present the credit of Greece was good enough to enable it to obtain the means of covering those deficits; but the crisis through which we are now passing renders it impossible for Greece to borrow any more, and grave fears have arisen as to whether she will be able to continue paying the interest upon her debt. Last week an official communication was published in the London papers to the effect that the discredit has been caused by foreign machinations, and that the economic condition of Greece is perfectly satisfactory. But at the very same time the communication had to admit that the paper notes, which form the currency of the country, have fallen to a discount of 42 per cent., and that Ministers have had to propose to the Legislature to increase the taxes by about 6 millions of drachmas (the drachma is of the nominal value of the franc), and furthermore to create a tobacco monopoly, which it is hoped may yield from 6 to 10 millions more, the present tobacco duty yielding only about 3 millions. While, therefore, we are assured on the one hand that Greece is quite solvent, on the other we are informed that the Ministry find it necessary to add something like 10 or 12 millions of drachmas to the revenue of the country. The real fact, of course, is that Greece is seriously embarrassed, that foreign holders of Greek bonds have become alarmed, that for months past they have been selling upon a great scale, and that in consequence there has been a serious fall in the prices of those bonds. At the same time the Greeks at home have taken fright, and the paper money has fallen to a serious discount, while ominous reports are circulated that it will be impossible to find the money to pay even the July coupon, and that, therefore, the country will have to propose a compromise with its creditors. No one who carefully examines the economic and financial condition of the country can seriously doubt that the present charges are too heavy for the population. The people of Greece do not number 2½ millions, and the charge for the debt is about 37 millions of drachmas, or somewhat over a million and a half sterling. It is perfectly clear that a charge of the kind is too heavy, and the depreciation of the currency adds to its burden, for it is necessary now to raise more drachmas than formerly, since the drachma is worth less in gold than it used to be. A good deal of the charge for the debt, no doubt, is provided to form a sinking fund, and it is possible that, if the people are prepared to submit to the necessary sacrifices, they may be able, by suspending the sinking fund, to pay the mere interest upon the debt. Even that is doubtful; but if it is to be accomplished at all, it is clear that Greece must economize in every direction. It must lay out less upon the army and navy, it must give up the hope of increasing its territory by picking quarrels with Turkey, and encouraging revolt amongst the Christian subjects of the Sultan. If it does this, if it retrenches in every way possible and increases its taxation to the utmost limit, it may, perhaps, sustain its credit by suspending the sinking fund; but we fear that that is the utmost that can be done. For the four years 1887-90 the value of the exports from Greece averaged only 100½ millions of drachmas. At the very outside the country cannot pay upon its debt more than one-third of the exports; but, as stated above, the charge for the debt now exceeds this one-third, and one of the proposals of the Government is to add further to the debt.

The rate of discount in the open market has fallen this week to 1½ per cent., and the demand for short loans is also smaller. In consequence the bill-brokers have reduced the rates they allow on deposits ½ per cent. The outside market has again borrowed from the Bank, and the Bank has paid off loans. The decline in trade has reduced the supply of bills, the absence of speculation decreases the demand for loans, and the continued shipments of gold from New York seem to assure easy money markets all over Europe for a considerable time to come. Besides, in a couple of weeks now the disbursements from the Exchequer will

exceed the receipts. The probability appears to be, therefore, that money will be both plentiful and cheap for months to come.

The price of silver on Wednesday recovered to 41½d. per oz., but fell back next day to 41¼d. Exports from India are very large, and the demand for remittances, therefore, is on a very considerable scale. This alone supports the market, for nowhere is there any speculation, and generally speaking there is little demand for abroad. The recent fall in silver is causing loud complaints of losses in India, and at the annual meeting of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce a week ago, the old cry for the adoption of the gold standard in India was revived. But it is perfectly obvious that a gold standard cannot be adopted in India. To demonetize silver would inflict too great a loss; and without demonetizing silver it is difficult to see what plan could be adopted that would be of any avail.

There has been some recovery this week in the market for American railroad securities, entirely due to a revival of speculation in New York. The fears excited by the exports of gold have died out, and there is a belief growing up that the opposition to the combination of the coal-carrying roads will come to nothing, while it is also thought that another vast combination in the North-West is being quietly prepared which will turn out to be of even greater magnitude than the amalgamation of the coal roads. In this country, however, there is little speculation even in American securities, and all other departments of the Stock Exchange have been depressed during the week. The crisis in the coal trade has caused a fall in Home Railway stocks, as if the stoppage of work continues long it will not only increase the cost of fuel, but will disorganize all business, and therefore tell adversely upon railway traffics. The uncertainty respecting the affairs of Messrs. de Murrieta & Co. is also weighing upon all departments of the markets. It was announced on Thursday morning that the Mexican and South American Trust has decided to withdraw from the negotiations for taking over the business of Messrs. de Murrieta, unless the opposition to the Conversion is quickly dropped. If the Conversion breaks down, people are asking, how will, not only Messrs. de Murrieta, but also the Mexican and South American Trust and the Trustees' and Executors' Corporation be affected? Probably the effect will be very small; for the difficulties of this great house have lasted so long now that, however the matter ends, it is hardly likely to have much consequence; still, the uncertainty that prevails is checking all enterprise. Inter-Bourse securities likewise have fallen. They have for months past been supported mainly by Paris; but, powerful as the Paris bankers and the great Paris operators undoubtedly are, it is scarcely possible that they can succeed much longer in keeping up prices, so many and so serious are the influences tending to depression. Already the Continental Bourses have suffered heavily from the breakdown in South America, the insolvency of Portugal, the famine in Russia, and the crises in Spain and Italy. Now the crisis in Greece is adding to their embarrassments. Whether Greece will be able to keep faith with her creditors is very doubtful, and there is even a fear that there may be political disturbances.

The threatened stoppage of work in the coal industry is likely to have a very bad effect upon all departments of trade. It is hardly possible that the miners can succeed in keeping up prices, but the mere danger of a stoppage for some weeks has already very seriously raised the prices of all kinds of coal. Should the stoppage really take place and continue for any length of time, not only would the earnings of vast multitudes of men be completely cut off, and therefore the tradespeople who supply them would probably not receive the monies due to them, but at the same time the rise in the price of coal would so increase the cost of production in every department that trade would be completely disorganized; and, unfortunately, trade is depressed already from other causes. There has been a very heavy fall in the prices of silver, cotton, wool, wheat, and iron; and if the losses resulting from all these are aggravated by difficulties in the coal trade, lasting for any length of time, the consequences will be felt for a long while to come.

Owing to the coal crisis Home Railway stocks generally have given way. Thus, North-Eastern Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 155, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. Great Western closed at 157½, a fall of 1, and South-Western Ordinary closed at 113, also a fall of 1. In international securities there has been almost a universal decline. French Rentes, it is true, offer an exception; they closed on Thursday afternoon at 95½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. But, on the other hand, even good securities, like Egyptian Unified and Egyptian Preference, fell, the former ½ and the latter ¼. Unified closing at 95½, and the Three and a Half per Cent. Preference closing at 89. Hungarian Four per Cents of

1881 closed at 91, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{2}$; Italian closed at 87 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of 1; Spanish closed at 59 $\frac{1}{2}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Greek bonds of 1884 closed at 62 $\frac{1}{2}$, also a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$; Greek Monopoly closed at 55, a fall of 1; and Greek Rentes closed at 50, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. Argentine Government loans gave way somewhat, the Five per Cents of 1886 closing at 61, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Funding Loan closing at 52, a fall of $\frac{1}{2}$. The movements in Argentine Railway securities, too, were irregular. Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference stock closed at 33-8, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 65-7, a fall of 1. But Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 114-116, a rise of 2, and Central Argentine closed at 54-6, also a rise of 2. In the American market there has been an extraordinary advance in what are called the Vanderbilt stocks. Reading shares, for example, closed on Thursday afternoon at 30 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $\frac{1}{4}$. Erie shares closed at 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; New York Central shares closed at 120, a rise of as much as 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; and Lake Shore closed at 131, a rise of actually 5 $\frac{1}{2}$. In most other securities there has been little change, the movements being quite as often downward as upward, with the single exception of Denver Preference shares, which closed on Thursday at 53 $\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of 4 compared with the preceding Thursday.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

MR. J. M. BARRIE'S comedy *Walker, London*, which had the privilege of reintroducing Mr. J. L. Toole to a London audience last Saturday night at his own theatre, is a rather realistic and pretty sketch of houseboat-life in summer between Cookham and Oxford, or on the Norfolk Broads, or the classic waters of the Avon, than a play, since it has but the barest suggestion of a plot or story. The characters, selected from what the French would call *la bonne bourgeoisie*, are evidently drawn from life, and every little incident of houseboat existence is reproduced with singular accuracy. There is a chaperon who spends more time in knitting than in looking after her charges, excellently played by Mrs. Seymour Hicks; there are two charming girls, one fresh from Girton, and the other from Ireland—where, by the way, she has left her accent—most agreeably acted by Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Miss Mary Ansell; a maid who breaks the crockery, and a determined bride in search of a recalcitrant and runaway bridegroom, very cleverly represented by Miss Eliza Johnstone. The young ladies are naturally in love with two young gentlemen, and they quarrel, and make it up again in true-lover fashion fifty times a day—or Act—and finally pair off as they should, "engaged," as the curtain falls for the last time. Of course Mr. Toole is the barber who runs away from "his Sarah" just as he is about to lead her to the hymeneal altar, and who, in order to enjoy a glimpse of high life on board the houseboat, pretends to be a famous Central African explorer. The part suits him very well, but it is not sufficiently important for so fine a comedian, and is moreover deficient in that homely pathos which no other actor now before the public possesses in so high a degree as Mr. Toole. There are many comical incidents in the piece, and much of the dialogue is graceful and appropriate; but we fail as yet to see that this comedy entitles Mr. Barrie to be called "a second Robertson." On the other hand, many who have enjoyed a week's holiday in July up the Thames will flock to the little theatre in King William Street to enjoy, in the present unpleasing atmosphere, reminiscences of sunshine and shadow. The audience was evidently pleased with the pretty river-view, and with the bright acting, especially of Mr. Cecil Ramsay, as W. G., a schoolboy, and of Messrs. C. M. Lowe and George Shelton. This play is preceded by the old-fashioned comedietta by the late Mr. Ben. Webster, called *One Touch of Nature*. This is remarkable for the excellent acting—always expected from and always found in him—of Mr. Billington.

Mr. Fred Horner's farcical comedy, founded on *L'Article 231*, and entitled *Happy Returns*, offers another proof, if one were needed, that in dramatic morals at least we follow the example of the proverbial crab. There was a time, and that not very distant, when, had an author ventured to treat hymeneal matters with so light a touch as Mr. Horner applies in this farce, he would have been, metaphorically speaking, stoned at Exeter Hall, and denounced by a virtuous press as a corrupter of public morals. Apparently we see things through other spectacles nowadays, and Mrs. Grundy sat in front of the stage of the Vaudeville on Tuesday night and was not shocked. Mr. Horner's play is a cleaner one than the risky comedy which, odd to relate, was first performed on the august stage of the Théâtre Français, instead of on that of the naughty Palais Royal; but it still leaves much to be desired, and certainly lacks the wit which rendered the original piece so amusing. It is, however, constructed in work-

manlike fashion, and if Mr. Horner is not epigrammatic, he has at least some sense of fun. The first act drags, and one gets a little tired throughout the piece of the silly petulance of Hemsley and his wife. Then, again, the main theme of the plot is too trivial to be of interest. A young married woman, who in a fit of temper breaks all the crockery on the luncheon table, and then, because her justly irritated, but not particularly pleasant, husband taps her rather roughly on the cheek, immediately endeavours to make this "act of cruelty" a pretext for a divorce, is not a very sympathetic heroine; and when we behold her flirting with a comparative stranger, and accepting a bracelet from him, we come to the conclusion that her education in morals and manners leaves much to be desired. Some excuse for her queer notions of propriety may, perhaps, be found in her father, a baronet, who, in the English version of the farce, entertains prizefighters and "sich," and has sparring-matches in his drawing-room. In the French play he entertains, if we err not, "angels"—which is not quite the same thing. However, thanks to Mr. Horner's inventive genius, the second act is by far the liveliest in the play. It enables us, at least, to behold Mr. Thomas Thorne running after a colossal negro prize-fighter, and this is a very droll spectacle indeed. In the last act of the piece everything ends satisfactorily. The irritable bride returns to her bridegroom, and the young Don Juan anchors himself to a widow lady of Buenos Ayres. The acting of this trifle in three acts was fortunately entrusted to safe hands. Mr. Thorne was quite in his element as the funny old Baronet. Mr. Cyril Maude, who migrated from the Criterion for the purpose, made an excellent sketch of a kind of Lothario named Diprose, who is dreadfully embarrassed when married ladies to whom he makes ephemeral proposals take them seriously. Mr. Fawcett is an amusing Hemsley, of the irritable temper; and Mr. Somerset is very funny as an officious lawyer. Miss Dorothy Dorr advances in popularity and acts charmingly. Miss Ella Banister, too, has greatly improved her art, and as Mrs. Beauchamp scored a legitimate success; whilst Miss Trench is a very sprightly French maid with a capital accent. We must not omit a word of praise for Mr. Bill Edwards, the coloured comedian, who played the ex-King of Congo, and actual champion prizefighter, Ra Ka To, in excellent style.

Mr. Horner's farce is preceded by an anonymous *lever de rideau* called *Meadow Sweet*, which is gracefully written, but is too long, and ends much too abruptly. It introduces a new actor, Mr. Frank Gillmore, who has a pleasant young face and a manly breezy style, which, we trust, he will preserve.

The late Mr. J. Palgrave Simpson's adaptation of Sardou's *Pattes de Mouches* was given recently at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, with the object of introducing Miss Helen Dauvry to a London audience. She hails from the United States, and is a piquant and vivacious actress, of considerable and deserved reputation in New York. A few of her intonations are, to English ears, peculiar; but otherwise her enunciation is very distinct, and her voice mellow and agreeable.

We regret to have to record the death of Mrs. Nye Chart, the well-known manageress of the Brighton Theatre, which took place early this week. This esteemed lady was at one time well known as an actress by the name of Miss Rollason, and married Mr. Nye Chart in 1867. He died in 1876, when Mrs. Chart took upon herself the management of the Brighton Theatre, which she conducted with extraordinary ability. Her last appearance on the stage was in 1879, when both Mr. Irving and Mr. Toole appeared for her benefit. She was distinguished for her kindness, her administrative ability, and won for herself an enviable position in Brighton, where she was greatly respected. Her funeral took place this week amid unusual manifestations of public regret.

THE WEATHER.

WE have had another dry week, and a sudden return of bitter east wind, with frost and snow, at the end of it. At the close of last week, on Thursday and Friday, February 25 and 26, the temperature during the day rose above 50°, though the nights were cool enough. The wind was, for the most part, light from the eastward. During these days the heavy rain, noticed last week, continued on the Riviera. On Saturday morning, though all our barometers had risen steadily, an area of low barometer appeared over Holstein, and moved gradually westwards, lying over Belgium on Sunday morning, giving us east winds and bringing our thermometers down below 40°, except at the extreme south-western stations. On Monday morning this system had quite disappeared from the map, though temperature remained low, the thermometer falling to the freezing point on Monday night at several stations, and sleet being reported from the East Coast. On Tuesday evening we had again the experience, which

has been noticed twice already within the last month, but is very unusual in other years, of the formation of a small area of depression over the Straits of Dover, bringing on a sudden fall of temperature and showers of snow all along the East and South Coasts. On Tuesday morning, March 1, Scilly, Perpignan, Biarritz, and Lisbon were the only stations in the daily weather report lists with temperatures up to 40°, and the cold on the Continent was more severe than with us. The air, however, was dry, so that no heavy snowfall is yet reported, and no gale has occurred except at Yarmouth. The barometer now (Wednesday) is high, especially at all the northern stations, so that there is no immediate prospect of respite from our biting east winds. Aurora has been reported occasionally during the week, and at Wick on Tuesday night it was particularly bright. The returns of rainfall and sunshine up to February 28 show that the south and south-west of England and the south-west of Scotland are already more than two inches behindhand with their rain. Most districts were deficient in sunshine last week, the only exception being the west of England.

HORSES AT ISLINGTON.

THE Shire Horse Society, although only started in 1888, has already proved a remarkable success, and more than justified the expectations of its spirited promoters. It has recruited 2,000 members; it has issued a dozen of stud-books; and each successive exhibition at the Agricultural Hall appears to mark a decided advance on its predecessors. The object of the Society is to restore or improve the best breeds by the old English carthorses, and supply powerful animals for draught. The famous Cleveland had almost disappeared with the Norfolk cobs and Suffolk punches, and the Scottish Clydesdales were supposed to be sadly deteriorating. The Society may be said to have originated in the energy and spirited enterprise of Mr. Walter Gilbey. For the information of the uninitiated, Mr. Gilbey has explained the meaning of the term "Shire" horse. The Shires in hunting parlance are limited to the three fashionable grass counties of Leicester, Rutland, and Northampton. So far as draught animals are concerned, they include nearly everything to the south of the Tees or to the west of the Tamar, and members and exhibitors are to be found in every part of the country. His Majesty Henry VIII passed a statute enacting that no person should put in any forest or chase in certain shires any horse above the age of two not being over fifteen hands in height. Nor can there be a question that that piece of sage legislation did much for the improvement of English breeds. Blood, moreover, was introduced from the Low Countries, and the crossing of the native strains with the ponderous Flemings is still obvious enough in the yard at Islington. What the judges chiefly look to is strength combined with size, or rather with compactness. Mere height is by no means in favour unless it carries solidity with it. The choicest of the prizewinners and horses commended are really noble animals, big in the bone and immensely muscular, with majestic carriage and grand action. Indeed, it would seem difficult to improve on the three-year-old stallion which carries off the honours of the Show. The black victor, Bury Chief, was bought by Mr. Wainright from Mr. Rowell of the Manor Farm, Bury, who had bred him, for 2,500*l.* He won the Society's challenge cup of 100 guineas for the best stallion in the Show; the Society's gold medal assigned to the breeder of the champion stallion; the champion cup for the best stallion in the Show; and the cup for the best animal in classes 4 and 5. Nor was any one much disposed to cavil at the cumulative awards. Another striking animal was in the three-year-old class, British Flag III, bred by Mr. L. de Rothschild, although some might prefer Mr. Arkwright's black Scarsdale Rocket. Notable among the five-year-olds were Maidstone Spartan and Maidstone Preserver, exhibited by Mr. Barrs of the Maidstone Stud Farm, and the pair took respectively first and third honours in the class. The horses which took high honours have all much the same characteristics—grand shoulders, grand quarters, splendidly developed forearms, clean legs, rather short than otherwise from the knee to the fetlock in proportion to the depth and the enormous girth, with ample bone, to support the substance. A draught horse is not expected to extend himself, like the short-legged hunter who lays the great pastures and the holding fallows behind him; but in some of the second-rate Shire horses compactness seemed tending to excess, and they would have been all the better for a trifle of extra length. Conspicuous among the mares was the famous Starlight, who swept the prizes among her sex as Bury Chief did among the stallions. Starlight is ten years old; we believe she was bought for upwards of 900*l.* by her present owner, and she is the mother of a promising progeny. Starlight

had a formidable rival in Lord Hothfield's clean-built and well-shaped Sowerby Lass. Many of the young colts and fillies are remarkably good; and as they are sent to the showyard for the most part "in the rough" and rather low in condition, there is the less difficulty in distinguishing the points. It is very satisfactory to know that so many undeniable stock-getters are being distributed over the length and the breadth of the British Isles. Nor could there be a doubt as to the general popularity of the exhibition, for on the shilling days the Hall was crowded with agriculturists of every grade and in every eccentricity of rustic costume, who, judging by their speech, must have come up from all parts of the country.

The Hall presented a very different aspect this week on the occasion of the eighth of the Annual London Horse Shows. The exhibition is under the joint auspices of four influential associations—the Hackney Horse Society, the Hunters' Improvement Society, the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and the Royal Commission on Horse-breeding. Forthorougbred stallions of four years old and upwards the Royal Commissioners offer no less than 4,400*l.* in prizes, partly obtained from the abolition of Queen's Plates and partly from a Government subsidy. The aggregate amount of the prize-money is 6,555*l.* The thoroughbreds are of the type of which England must always be an unrivalled nursery, and not a few are sons of such sires as Blair Athol, West Australian, Hermit, and King Tom. We have exported some of our very best blood to America, Australia, and the Continent. But we cannot send them our damp climate, which tells so favourably on the forage and the turf; young sinews and immature strength are apt to be strained in taking the exercise over semi-baked soil, and tan-gallops and cinder-tracks are but poor substitutes for the elastic downs and salubrious heaths in which our training-stables are situated. The united Societies may be content with the steady progress in the entries. Many more animals were exhibited than at Nottingham in 1888. Yet the Show of this week has not been altogether satisfactory, and considering the complaints which, whether well founded or not, have been very general, it may be doubted whether next season's entries will not decline. The Committee of Management are in a difficult position, and much depends on the discretion of the veterinary examiners. There can be no question as to the wisdom of the rule which lays it down that only sound animals shall be eligible for prizes or commendation. After the judges have picked out a certain number of horses from each class on a preliminary inspection, they are submitted to severe veterinary scrutiny before being brought up to be judged for honours. Of course the purpose of the Show is to encourage only sound stock-getters, free from every hereditary disease. On this occasion, on an average, two out of three were condemned. In Class A, for example, where the judges had selected nine out of nineteen, only three reappeared in the ring. The judges were bound by the opinions of their professional advisers. But it comes to this—either the scientific experts were unnecessarily severe, or the condition of our thoroughbreds, and notably the stallion sires, must leave a great deal to desire. We know that it has been the opinion of veteran "vets" that a very small proportion of the London traffic-animals of all kinds could be guaranteed as perfectly sound in the legs. Yet we must confess it is a disagreeable surprise to learn that so many picked thoroughbred stallions should be in a similar case. At all events, the owners can hardly be expected to submit to a discrediting ordeal the animals they desire to advertise, and which bring them in handsome returns. The somewhat arbitrary grouping of the shires also produced some surprise. Class C comprises Leicester and Lincoln with adjacent counties in the pastoral Midlands, where hunting has its chosen home and the horse is the object of idolatry. There were only eleven entries from these famous shires, and only Huntingtower was sent back to the ring, and he was undersized, although very good-looking. Class B was better, which combines the hilly counties north of Yorkshire; the American-bred Blue Grass is handsome, although England thereby gains no credit. But a premium was likewise bestowed on the weedy chestnut Brayton, whom we should be inclined to pronounce, with much diffidence, the model of what a thoroughbred ought not to be. Having only too much leisure to contemplate his cat-like quarters from behind, we almost fancied it was by mistake he had been brought back for final judgment. On the other hand, there was scarcely a horse that pleased us more than another chestnut of undeniable pedigree, though not a new acquaintance. It was Homely, foaled in 1886, by Hermit out of Wifey, g.d. Lady Mary by Orlando, bred by the Duchess of Montrose, and exhibited by Mr. Hogg of Westerham, Kent. Another strikingly handsome chestnut—for the chestnuts seemed to have it pretty much their own way—was Lord Tredegar's Lord Molynoo. His grandsire was Gladiateur, and his great-grandsire Stockwell. Opinions may differ, and disappointed exhibitors will grumble; but nothing shows the independence of the judges more than the fact that Even, who

comes from Yorkshire, and who hitherto has carried almost everything before him, was only awarded the sixth place at Islington. There were exactly a dozen entries from the north of the Border, but more than one of these was exceptionally good, as they well might be, considering the blood. In quantity, and indeed in quality as well, there was a very fair show of hackneys, there being 196 stallions and 107 mares; though in that class there may be greater differences of opinion as to standards of excellence, and there is more leeway to be brought up than among the hunters, which have always had a ready sale and often at fancy prices.

THE MUSIC TO THE FROGS.

A VERY large share of the brilliant success achieved by the performances of *The Frogs* of Aristophanes during this and last week was due to the brilliant and taking music written for the revival by Dr. Hubert Parry. To those who only knew the composer from his various choral odes, his *Judith* and his noble *De Profundis*, the music to *The Frogs* must have come as a surprise, for it revealed quite a new side of Dr. Parry's genius. Even remembrances of the poetical beauty of his setting of the choruses in *The Birds*, when it was performed at Cambridge some years ago, did not lead one to expect such a display of musical humour, such abundant use of striking rhythms, and such really sparkling brilliancy as Dr. Parry has displayed in his latest work. Much has been said of his introduction of themes by well-known composers in order to illustrate the literary allusions which form an important part in the satirical passages of the play. Euripides and Æschylus are musically contrasted by themes from Meyerbeer and Beethoven; in another passage Sullivan and Gluck are brought into contrast, while allusions to the Hell scenes in Stanford's *Eden* and to Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* form a fitting introduction to the scenes in Hades, and Archidemus

ὅς ἐπὶ τῆς ὥν οὐκ ἔφυσε φρένας

is happily identified with General Boulanger by means of "En revenant de la revue." This, of course, is "Aristophanes up to Date" with a vengeance; it is pure burlesque, and is a device familiar to the compilers of pantomime music. But these musical jokes, amusing as they are, especially when perpetrated in such a masterly manner as Dr. Parry has displayed, can be made too much of, and are apt to divert attention from the more solid merits of the music, in which they really play a very small part. In the Overture—one of the most brilliant numbers of the score—they are quite absent, and where the poet rises above the burlesque tone which he adopts throughout the greater part of the play, a tone which one cannot but feel is prompted by the spirit of Beaumarchais's *Figaro*—"Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer"—Dr. Parry never fails to rise to the situation, and has produced music which is alternately graceful and dignified, but never trivial or unworthy of the words he has had to set. The chorus of *Mystæ* is one of his happiest efforts, and shows how graceful he can be without becoming commonplace, while the famous Parabasis, in which Aristophanes throws aside the comic mask and preaches lessons which the Athenians of his day were sorely in need of, is set to music which in its dignity and simplicity gives admirable point to the poet's lines. It is a pity that, from the nature of the case, Dr. Parry's music cannot be heard apart from a dramatic representation of the play; but, with the exception of the overture, it would lose most of its effect in a concert-room. All the more credit is, therefore, due to the composer who has bestowed so much care and thought upon what cannot gain wide recognition or reap pecuniary profit. It is a hopeful sign to find an artist working so well for an ephemeral production. The general performance of *The Frogs* was fully discussed in this Review last week; but the subject cannot be dismissed without a word of praise for the excellent way in which the chorus sang, especially considering that the rehearsals extended only over a fortnight. The band was also admirable, and Dr. Lloyd and the composer shared the honours as conductors. The Parabasis would have been more effective if it had been taken at a slower pace; for Dr. Parry has a bad habit of hurrying, which proves that a composer does not always know the best *tempi* for his own compositions.

THE STORY OF A LIFE.

[Lord Hobhouse briefly replied, speaking of himself as one who, born into the Tory party, had been made a Liberal and a Radical by experience. The gathering soon afterwards dispersed.]

[For every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative.

Mr. GILBERT's *Iolanthe*.]

I WAS born a little Tory—

Let it not arouse your mirth—
'Tis with all the self-same story
All object to change at birth,
And the infant's wisdom hoary
Lends his views especial worth.

Years and inclination bound me
Catchwords vague to test and try,
In my cradle oft they found me
Sneering at some party cry,
Gazing at the world around me
With a babe's distrustful eye.

Even as the merest suckling,
Disenchanted truth I sought;
No one ever caught me truckling
To the fads of modern thought;
Rather was I given to chuckling
At our "progress" dearly bought.

Boyhood brought its influence mellow,
So that, as my powers unfold,
Democratic blare and bellow
In more genial scorn I hold—
Smile, a kindlier wise young fellow,
At the follies of the old.

Thus, although without intrusion
On the politician's stage,
Passed my life to the conclusion
Of youth's period mildly sage,
And the hour of bright illusion
Dawned for me with middle age.

Then—O glorious awaking!—
What a change of heart was mine!
How I watched the daylight breaking
On the world's obscure design!
What delight derived from taking
Part in many another shine!

Now no more a youthful sceptic,
Prompt all visions to dismiss,
Scanning with a glance dyspeptic
Theories of Utopian bliss,
Sapping them with acid septic
Of my cold analysis,

Forty finds me wild, romantic,
Seeing life through roseate mists;
Sixty, dreaming of gigantic
Change in whatso'er exists;
Eighty, pledged—who knows?—to frantic
Fancies of the Socialists.

Youth's cold mood of acquiescence
Left behind me, nothing loth,
Aging, I became in essence
Liberal, Radical—nay, both.
What a case of grand senescence!
What a tale of healthy growth!

Every year has shown how hollow
The misgivings of the lad;
Every year has seen me follow
Some new democratic fad;
Every year enlarged my swallow
For the nostrums of the Rad.

What, then, though the course downhill be
Of my years, I will not grieve,
For my glory it shall still be
Higher heights of "faith" to achieve,
Till, before I die, there will be
Nothing that I don't believe.

REVIEWS.

THE DEEDS OF BEOWULF.*

THE old English epic of *Beowulf* is not only a valuable and interesting poem; it also illustrates in various ways the Homeric controversy. We therefore welcome a translation, in prose, by Mr. Earle, the more as it is provided with an ex-

* *The Deeds of Beowulf*. By John Earle, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

cellent introduction and notes, of which some are valuable. Mr. Earle first gives us the history of the manuscript as far as it is known, with its narrow escape from the fire in the Cottonian collection. Then he chronicles the various modern texts and theories of origin, date, and composition. Before plunging into these, let us briefly state the facts of *Beowulf*, as the poem stands, in a handwriting of about 1100, roughly speaking. There are 3,185 lines in the epic, which is nearly as long as the *Song of Roland*. The most remarkable feature in the poem is the blending of a primitive legend of fights against fen-monsters and fire-drakes, with passages of apparently Christian and clerical moralizing. It is hardly in nature that the incidents of savage fancy should be contemporary with the "moral applications." The poet begins with a resolve to tell about the feats of Danish kings, first naming Scyld, originally a foundling, who established imperial sway over neighbours beyond the sea. "To him was born a son . . . whom God sent for the people's comfort." This son was Beowulf, whose example is held up as profitable to youth—his object being to attain praise.

Now the passage about God does not conform to the barbaric beginning about the "spear-bearing Danes." Throughout we find these varieties of tone, as we cannot but consider them. The poet now describes the last seafaring of the dead Scyld, alone in a ship with all his treasures, sailing to an unknown shore. That is not Christian. Then we come to Hrothgar, a descendant of the first Beowulf, Scyld's son. He built a stately pleasure-house, which aroused the envy of an outcast monster, Grendel, if it be Grendel and not the Devil who is meant (line 88). Then comes a Christian break, about the Creation, confessedly quoted by the author. Then Grendel, the fen-monster, of Cain's seed apparently, attacks Hrothgar's court, asleep after feast. Now all this of Grendel's hauntings answers to Glam's hauntings in the Grettis Saga. However, Mr. Earle takes his parallel from Mr. Lewis Morris. We must confess that Mr. Earle's treatment of this part of the legend puzzles us. When we have Grettir performing the very part of Beowulf, in resisting a hall-haunting monster; when, in the wrestle, the mead-benches, in both Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon, are torn up; when Grendel (except in being no vampire) answers so closely to Glam, we do expect a reference to the Grettis Saga. But we get a reference to the *Epic of Hades*! Mr. Earle, to judge by a note on Bragi's cup (p. 129), has something to learn in Icelandic manners and stories. A knowledge of them seems essential to his task, and a theory as to the relations between the Grettis Saga and *Beowulf* might well be offered. But on this point Mr. Earle is silent.

To return to the story; the excesses of Grendel became known to men "through ballads." The heathens sought help in their heathen gods; here follows a Christian sermon. Beowulf (not the former Beowulf) heard the tidings, and came in a ship to Hrothgar's hall. He offers to fight Grendel, arouses some jealousy, describes and justifies a swimming match of his own, and a slaughter of sea-monsters. He watches *unarmed* in the hall; not to use arms is his point of honour, as Grendel has none. So Grettir merely wrestled with Glam till he got him down, Glam tripping on the door-step, and cut his head off. In "the genial saloon" (what a style!) Beowulf and Grendel strive, tearing up the mead-benches, as in the Grettis Saga. Beowulf conquers; Grendel flies, leaving behind him an arm. Feasts follow. Beowulf's deed is done into a ballad; the story is told of Sigemund, who, like Sigurd, vanquished a Dragon which guarded a treasure. More feasts follow; lays of Finn and Hengest, *tout le tremblement mythique*, are rehearsed. Finn is not Fion, apparently. The rejoicings are disturbed by the arrival of Grendel's mother; more about Cain and more Christian morality appears. Beowulf goes to attack Mrs. Grendel in her home beneath the waters. His sword will not bite on her; he is down, but seizes "a monumental cutlass" (*sic*) from the wall of her house. He slays her, finds Grendel dead, and returns to land. Beowulf goes home, and becomes king. In his old age he is troubled by a dragon that lives on a hoard of gold; this fire-drake burns Beowulf's hall. Beowulf visits his den, reflects on his own youthful adventures, rehearses his deeds, fights the fire-drake, both die in the battle. A great many "discourses" follow. Beowulf is buried, the man of all others most desirous of renown.

This is a very brief summary. The poem is full of discourses, reflections, morals, rehearsals of old feuds, repetitions of old lays. It is not a natural forthright narrative. Assuredly in its present shape the essence of the story, a fight like Grettir's with Glam, a fight like Sigurd's with Fafnir, has been manipulated by a Christian and a clerical hand. The Lachmannists, following Lachmann's theory of an Iliad stitched together out of short lays, detect the work of many authors, combined into a whole. The Unionists see old materials, old ballads and legends, constructed, by a single hand, into an epic. We may now give a very succinct statement of the various theories, after Mr. Earle.

First Mr. Earle speaks of the edition of Thorkelin the Dane (1807), next of Conybeare, and of Kemble (1833-35). Then he takes up the study of *Beowulf* in Germany, where the Homeric combatants, the Lachmannists and their foes, have fought over the hero. Ettmüller, in 1840, held that the *Beowulf* "consisted originally of separate lays, which in process of time were combined into one." This, of course, is identical with Lachmann's theory of the Iliad. Ettmüller noticed the many didactic and sermonizing passages, which he attributed to clerical poetasters later than

the original minstrels. Mr. Earle has no sympathy with the "epidemic" of epic disintegration, which began with Wolf, whom Mr. Earle persistently calls "Wolff." Thorpe (1855) in England regarded the poem as a metrical paraphrase of a saga from south-west Sweden, brought hither by the Danish settlers. *Beowulf* is a Christian paraphrase of a heathen saga, made by a native of England, a writer of Scandinavian descent. Haigh found the cradle of the poem in Northumberland, and identified scenes in the epic with places in that country. In 1857-67 Grein's works on Anglo-Saxon poetry appeared. Grein was attacked by Müllenhoff, a Lachmannist, for Grein regarded the epic as the work of a single poet, a theory hateful to the Lachmannists. Grundtvig, in Denmark, identified the *mere-vicings* of *Beowulf* (2921) with the Merwings, or Merovingian line of Frankish kings. Batlechner showed that the word is formed in accordance with the laws of the Northern English dialect. Grundtvig also remarked that the Danes are regarded in a friendly manner in *Beowulf*, which points to a later date than that of the Viking raids. In 1869 Müllenhoff gave his Lachmannian theories, showing what were original lays, what were interpolations, clerical additions, and so forth, all of which ideas are too ingenious and intricate for Mr. Earle. He regards Müllenhoff's work as "a *reductio ad absurdum* of the Wolfian (*sic*) hypothesis," but surely Wolf never pretended to discriminate the original component parts of the Iliad? However, Mr. Earle allows occasional flashes of insight to Müllenhoff. In 1870 Mr. Thomas Arnold declared for a Christianized Anglo-Saxon version of old heathen songs of Goths and Danes, the present form of the poem dating from early in the eighth century. In 1883 Dr. Rönning, in Denmark, believed in a continued epic, of which old lays and ballads furnished merely the raw material. So far the poem would answer to the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*. He refuted the Müllenhoffian argument from inconsistencies in the poem, and, as to variations in tone and style, declined to regard them as the result of a combination of six authors, as in Müllenhoff's view. He believed in a South Swedish origin of the old songs, and in a Northumbrian authorship of the poem; Ten Brink argued, *à priori*, from his theory of what an ideal early epic would be. It would be free from "repetitions"—a very odd opinion, as the Celtic "runs," and the repetitions in Homer, in ballads, in the *Song of Roland*, in Maori narratives are usually regarded as primitive, and as rests to the memory. Yet we cannot agree with Mr. Earle in attributing to the early epic "a voluble and rambling loquacity," which rather characterizes Mr. Brown's poetry than that of early ages. Ten Brink makes parts of the poem Anglo-Saxon, brought from the Continent, developed in Bernicia, altered in Deira, further developed in Mercia, where the fight with Grendel's mother was added; and episodes were inserted. The poet wove the poetic web, as we have it, in the eighth century, and, finally, a theologian inserted the preaching. A Kentish version of the ninth century was written out late in the tenth. Hence our *Beowulf*. Of course, all these theories remind a reader of what has been made, by critics, of the Old Testament and of Homer. Everybody cannot be right, and our business is to find a theory more or less adequate; the simpler the theory the better.

Mr. Earle himself thinks *Beowulf* a didactic legend written for the son of Offa of Mercia—Egferth—by a poet who knew his Virgil, that poet being, perhaps, Hygeberht, Archbishop of Lichfield. Mr. Earle's reasonings are extremely ingenious, in the better sense of that word, and plausible. The material of the epic would be legendary, the composition would be the work of the Mercian poet, the purpose would be political, "the Institution of a Prince." We can only regret that we have not the materials "neat"; they would be better poetry than this mixture of a tract with a Saga, a work analogous to the popular novel of *Bathsheba Pickle*. However, we are fortunate in having so much old heathen matter as the poem contains, and are thankful for Mr. Earle's introduction, translation, and notes. The style of the translation, "genial saloon," "monumental cutlass," "tholing majestic rage," and so forth, is occasionally odd and inharmonious. The notes are too full of miscellaneous light literature, ranging from the *Epic of Hades* to M. Carnot and Mr. W. D. Howells. We might prefer a mythological excursus to much of this "belletristic trifling." But the book is an excellent book, with all deductions.

NOVELS.*

IF the author of *Slaves of the Sawdust* had not thought it right to equip her novel with a preface and an added note, or chapter, entitled "Child Labour," her book might have been considered purely on its merits as a work of fiction. As it stands, however, she evidently wishes it to be taken seriously as a contribution, in the form of imaginative narrative, to the literature of the Children's Protection Society. To avowedly aim at arousing the public conscience is rather to take a work of fiction out of

- * *Slaves of the Sawdust*. By Amye Reade. London: White & Co.
- Denzil Quarrier*. By George Gissing. London: Lawrence & Buller.
- Golden Face: a Tale of the Wild West*. By Bertram Mitford. London: Trischler & Co.
- Elise Vere*. Translated, from the Dutch of Louis Couperus, by J. T. Grain. London: Chapman & Hall.
- The Story of Chris*. By Rowland Grey. London: Methuen & Co.

the regular channel of such work, and the result must be judged by the success achieved in at least one of the objects aimed at. When we find failure in both there is little that is pleasant to be said. As a novel or work of fiction, *Slaves of the Sawdust* is not worthy of serious consideration. Its characters are commonplace to the last degree, and are handled with an absolute lack of intellectual dexterity. In fact, this book is the same, to all intents and purposes, as its predecessor, *Ruby*. There is the same callous mother who runs away from home, the same female child brought up to develop every good quality under adverse circumstances, the same criminal class of circus *attaché*, who succeeds as ever—in such novels as this—in setting the law at defiance and eluding the notice of the police. There is the usual gathering of consumptive children, from whom alone, if we understand Miss Amye Reade aright, the ranks of acrobats are recruited. The chief male character of the story, if not the hero, the ringmaster Castelli, is an unrevised edition of the hero of the *Guy Livingstone* period of literature. He is of that class of man in whom servant-maids find their ideal of a "gentleman," and in whom semi-hysterical women of all classes realize their archetypal master. He is cold, cruel, winning in manner, determined as Satan, aquiline-nosed, clear-profiled, iron-gripping, black-haired, bold-eyed, and so *ad nauseam*. The heroine, Leila, is the usual correlative—a limp, flaccid blonde, with delicate nature and theoretically strong purpose, which, however, throughout the story never manifests itself. Castelli flogs his way through the *dramatis personæ* from his horses to his wife, and the collateral and more plebeian villain Horrex takes up the running in flogging the young children till his whip and their skins are bloodstained. It is hard to seriously take this book as a narrative, and it is, perhaps, just as well for the author to sail her quasi-romance under the flag of realism; for, whatever her intention may be, the business purpose will be best effected by a sale on humanitarian grounds, which would not be possible for it on its merits as a work of art.

If the book be taken as a serious contribution to the literature of oppression of the helpless, we can assure the author that she will but little benefit the cause which she professes to have at heart by setting forth as facts a state of things which, viewed as a whole, can only be taken as imaginative. Grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles, and even a casual acquaintance with the most villainous of the order of acrobatic teachers would show Miss Reade that strong men and women, as full-grown acrobats must be, are not reared on whipping *ad lib*, and an insufficiency of wholesome food. Neither are the circus ranks recruited solely from the ranks of the strumous. Few things would prove more embarrassing to a trainer of circus children than to find his whole class consumptive; and, put it how we will, the Coroner's statistics will show that, in the main, the percentage of deaths of persons from falling off horses whilst suffering during the active exercise of their calling from the last stages of decline is not extraordinarily large. We should advise the author to make some inquiries into circuses and circus methods. She will easily satisfy herself, if she be not gifted with "invincible ignorance," that it is no part of the duties of a ringmaster to lash with his whip any lady of the troupe during the rehearsal, even if she be so fortunate as to be his own wife.

It may not be necessary after what we have said to take special notice of such gems of literary style as the following:—"A long-suffering class, which are as yet" &c.; "Surely that which is too horrible to read should be regarded as too vile to live" &c.; "I intend to dedicate all my faculties, all my time, to win the cause of the young—no opposers shall obstruct my path even if they dare to impute to me the stigma which must for ever rest on those who put idealism under the garb of truth." It is a pity that some one did not dedicate his faculties to the author, when young, to "win" for her something of the excellence of grammar. We may, perhaps, call Miss Amye Reade's attention to the heading of Chapter VII., which is given thus:—"Tacta est alea." It is evident that this is an error; but it is a symbolical one. It cannot be taken for granted that every writer in a living language is acquainted with a dead one; but if any writer quotes a strange tongue care should be taken that it is quoted correctly. "Tacta" is an error, probably of a letter originally; but the error is emphasized by being continued as the heading throughout the chapter. If the writer did not know how to correct the error, she should have asked some one who knew better; just as with regard to the facts of the life of acrobats she should have made inquiry where she was manifestly ignorant.

Denzil Quarrier is a story which is almost excellent. It has some well-drawn characters, which are quite within the author's power and grasp, and the main idea of the story is quite sufficient. The fault is one of certain minor disappointments. Denzil Quarrier is a man who has tried several vocations, including the navy and the Bar, but who is of a restless disposition, and is hard to satisfy. Before the story opens he has settled down in life with a young lady whose husband had been arrested for forgery as the bridal pair had left the church. This girl, Lilian, is a sweet creature with great possibilities; and the story is, indeed, a sad one which forces her from the retirement which she loves and wherein there is alone safety for her when her husband has been released from prison. The irregular union of Denzil and Lilian has all the elements of permanence, and throughout the story there is no question on either side of weakening the voluntary bond. Denzil Quarrier, partly through inclination and partly through force of circumstances,

becomes a Parliamentary candidate for his native town, thereby secretly offending an old friend, Eustace Glazzard, a mean-souled dilettante, who has had intentions of a similar kind himself. Glazzard is the person who knows the secret history of Lilian, which has been confided to him by Denzil, and when the latter, having presumably been married in France, brings home his quasi-bride to Polterham, the disappointed man finds revenge by seeking out Lilian's husband, Northway, and inducing him to come to Polterham and openly claim her as his wife on the day of the election. How this is done, and the sad result of plotting, may best be read in the book, which is charmingly written, in a clear, simple style. Throughout the book there is nothing to violate possibility, or even probability, and everywhere there is evidence—though unobtrusive evidence—of scholarly research and of a mind well abreast of the time. A bolder theme may possibly suit this author better, and good honest work may be always expected from him.

Stories of Indian adventure have always a special fascination for those who live at home at ease. Captain Mayne Reid and Gustave Aimard, and the host of minor imitators, taught a generation to find special pleasure in the doings of the red man. Mr. Mitford's book is a sort of Captain Mayne Reid up to date. We have in it the two fearless scouts—the literary descendants of Rube and Garey—Smoke Stack Bill and Golden Face, the latter so called from his great yellow beard. These two outwile the wildest of the red men, and forestall every move of their enemies of all kinds. Golden Face has a "Wild West" Black Bess which can outstrip the swiftest of the war-ponies of the Ogallallas or the Uncpapas, and a Winchester rifle which never misses. There is also, as in Mayne Reid, the beautiful girl, unaccustomed to the ways of prairie life. She goes out alone fishing and finds herself in the midst of a band of Sioux on the war-path, and is, of course, rescued through the bravery and prowess of Golden Face, to whom, of course, she is eventually united at the end of the story. The civilized name of this man is Rupert Vipan; but he is an Englishman whose real name is Ralph Vallance. Indeed, his complication of names reminds one of Alice's difficulty as to what the name of the song was in Lewis Carroll's pretty conceit. Ralph Vallance was long ago disinherited by his father through the machinations and forgeries of his cousin, the Rev. Dudley Vallance, and he roamed the world as an adventurer of the most marked kind. He is a person of heroic stature as well as of heroic mould, and it is little wonder that Yseulte Santorex, the beautiful English girl whom he rescues, falls in love with him. The adventures of Golden Face, both before he meets Yseulte and after, are of a stirring and sanguinary order. They are capitably told, with vigour and fine descriptive power, and a mastery of Western idiom which gives especial point here and there. Whilst the reader is on the prairie with Mr. Mitford as his scout he is well content, and it is only when he finds himself—as he does against his will—in Lant-Hanger, Brackenshire, that he wants to break away, even if he has to find a road for himself. In a story built on heroic lines, where adventure succeeds adventure in rapid succession, we must not expect to find much development of character; and, indeed, in this story all the personages are fully created at the start, from the half-baked Geoffrey, who is in love with Yseulte, up to the steel-natured Ralph or Rupert, who looks on the torture of white men with a more than Indian stoicism. The arts of melodrama are not shunned in the story, as for instance when the woman who has injured Ralph Vallance, and to screen whose ill-doing he has placed himself in a position whence came the sacrificing of his patrimony, turns up among the Bad Lands as the favourite squaw of the Sioux chief, Sitting Bull. For one thing it is hard to forgive Mr. Mitford in this story. He has taken us through an exciting chase where his hero is pursued by various hostile bands of Indians, and finally leaves him in a situation of deadly peril, seeking temporary safety by hiding with the corpse of a deceased warrior in his elevated open tomb. There he leaves him, and we next meet him in an English dwelling-house claiming his patrimony from the man who defrauded him. This is bad art—and it almost looks as if the author found himself in a dilemma—that either his imagination failed to get his hero out of his grim situation, or that he grew tired of his work, and would not make the necessary effort to complete it. Let him amend it in the second edition at which the work should arrive.

Eline Vere may be said to be recommended, as are the majority of Dutch pictures, rather by its *genre* than by the strength of its interest. In so far as it represents the social life of the country the book is of some interest; but as there is no plot or story to speak of, and no development of character properly so considered, it can hardly be deemed a novel at all. There is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, no dark crime, no deed of blood, no unexplained mystery. It is simply the setting forth in the minutest detail of the lives of some very uninteresting people forming some half-dozen families, and so connected by blood and marriage that there should, for the sake of the reader's convenience, be attached to the book a sort of family tree, showing the mutual relationships of the persons of the story. The reader is introduced to these *nebulae* so quickly that the effect is like going into a room full of strangers, and then trying to remember them all after a hurried but universal introduction *more Americano*. The families, too, are so large, that the difficulty of distinction is not lessened. The main intention is evidently to show the progress of the hysterical disease from which it is apparent that the heroine suffers. At the beginning she is unduly emotional, and sobs and

weeps only occasionally; but when she has got over an antenatal semi-attachment for her brother-in-law, fallen in love with an unknown opera-singer, become engaged to a masterful person and thrown him over, the active state of the disease increases. Thenceforth an undue proportion of her utterances are "screamed"—if we are to accept the words of the text. She then engages in a second but uncompleted *affaire de cœur*, and so on, through "drops" to an overdose of morphine and a chilly death in all the imaginative agonies of an over-excited mind. Frankly, the book is very tedious, and it would require a much stronger story and more and stronger incident to carry such a weight of commonplace words. One is struck here and there by odd things as suggested in the story; such, for instance, as the bad behaviour of the Dutch children, whose bringing up is evidently none of the best—if this record be exact—a state of things emphasized by the fact that they all seem to be present at every social function. Louis Couperus is not happy in the translator. It is hard to believe that in the original Dutch such expressions as the following could have occurred:—"Eh Otto, which of the two are you going to mash?"—the question is asked by a young lady of society in the Hague. "Hullo, old chappie!"—again the speaker is a young lady. "Why do you laze about so?"—this time the speaker is only a gentleman. "There's a steady boy he is." "Come here on my chair, Miss," cried a young girl behind her. "Of course you can't see anything of the pillows, Miss"—the speaker in each of the last two instances is a young lady. "Her deeply-shaded dark brown eyes and the ivory pallor of her complexion, together with the languor of some of her movements, gave her somewhat of the dreamy nature of an odalisque of the harem"—an example truly of the Del Sartiian theory that effects produce causes which it would be hard to equal. "Henk drank his soup," &c.; "but this tintinnabulation of sparks and foam flecks, like wine glistening through crystal beakers," &c. "I feel so depressed with all that flummery"—again the speaker is a lady. "Why we are haggling now already"—the lady who here speaks means "wrangling." "For my part they can frizzle themselves, the Ouden-dykens," the same lady, none other than the delicate-minded Eline, continues.

The "story" of Chris is almost a misnomer, for poor Chris has but little story to tell, what relates to her being rather of a negative order. The man on whom her heart is set does not manifest any love for her, and she keeps her mild passion religiously locked in her own breast. If this be a story, then there is one in every household where there are unmarried daughters. Chris, unlike the usual heroines of this class of novels, is not beautiful, her merit is in being "brainless"—a peculiarly valuable quality in the atmosphere of this book, where success in the world of literature is so easily achieved. The author seems gifted with a sort of virginal innocence in the ways of the world and of market values generally, and, although manifestly more than well read, has some mistaken ideas as to the possibilities to be achieved through the possession of modest fortune. Chris's uncle—a gifted and therefore unsuccessful journalist of the usual Bohemian pattern—is unexpectedly left a fortune of 15,000*l.* He buys a newspaper in his native town, changes its politics, and takes on his semi-Cinderella niece as a contributor. His fortune must be pretty well invested, for he seems to be at once surrounded with all the evidence of extreme opulence. The first instructions given to Chris by her editor are simple enough:—"Vincent Ranford the novelist is dead. Suppose you begin with a little sketch of his books? Here is a sheet of paper; if you cover five such on one side, the length will be right." Chris is successful, as beginners in literature usually are in novels, and settles down to the work of her lifetime. There we leave her at the end of the book. But before this time the knight has ridden by and the web has floated wide. The occupant of a place at the round table is on this occasion, suitably enough, a Radical bank manager who is gifted with all the necessary powers for captivating, consciously and unconsciously, the young maidens who cross his path. One of these damsels, an American, beautiful and wealthy, and rejoicing in the name of Saidie Vanderdecken, actually proposes to Mark Fenwick vicariously, through her father, and the handsome banker finds his doubts as to whether or no he loved her quite set at rest. There is really very little in the book, but it is pleasantly written, and not long. There is one simile in the book which is about the oddest with which we have ever met. The Barset's garden is thus described:—"A high wall, hung with creepers, sheltered it at one side, and just now old-fashioned roses made all the air delicious. It was like a quiet, prosy gentleman behind whose ample waistcoat there unexpectedly lurks a tender, fresh bit of romance."

QUACK AND PATENT DRUGS.*

THE editor of *Hygiene* has re-issued a series of articles, exposing the pretensions of certain of the more popular patent remedies, even as we ourselves essayed the same probably hopeless task some years ago. The method of exposure employed has been simple and drastic. The nostrum has been submitted to analytical examination, and in each case has been discovered to

be a preparation of well-known ingredients, well known not to possess the properties claimed by the vendors for their secret compositions. "Clarke's Famous Blood-Mixture or Purifier," for instance, consists, says Mr. Stokes, the public analyst, of iodide of potassium, chloric ether, potassium hydrate, and coloured water. To claim for this combination that it is a never-failing and permanent cure for scrofula is—to put it with a decent restraint not noticeable in Mr. Clarke's advertisements—a little extravagant. The assertion, therefore, made apparently without fear of contradiction from the proprietors of the "Blood-Purifier," that the medicine is the only cure for consumption, diabetes, dropsy, deafness, and paralysis is an over-bold one. "Mother Seigel's Syrup," "Sequal's Prairie-Flower," and Holloway's preparations can jointly cure everything, and can severally make a good job of most things. But the man of scales has reported on them, and for the future in unimaginative minds they can only be credited with the virtues of their one active ingredient—aloes. So far the triumph of the editor of *Hygiene* has been complete. But it is an academic triumph, not a public and practical triumph, and when the author goes on to describe his work as "pricking the windbag of quackery," we are compelled to point out that his simile is unapt, for no collapse is going to follow his action. He has merely made an honourable effort to wipe up the sea with a hand-mop. Quacks have been, and quacks will be, and there will always be a public ready to heed them, and happy to pay them. The Peony-root of Galen, the Cramp-rings of the honourable and scientific Robert Boyle, the Sacred Balsam, and Sir Kenelm Digby's Apoplectic Snuff, "composed of noble cephalic subjects, which at once, or at most three times using of it, with God's blessing," cured "the apoplexy and the lethargy, also vapours, drowsiness, imposthumes, dizziness, and pains and heaviness of the head," have all alike had their day with countless pectorals, cordials, and elixirs. And at the appointed hour Mother Seigel, now so vigorous a young matron, will fall into dishonoured decrepitude, and the Prairie-Flower, now flaunting its blossoms in the popular press and caressing with its tendrils the covers of the monthly magazines, will shrink sapless and forgotten. But new panaceas will arise in spite of all analyses, and in the teeth of all exposures. Nor is it possible to believe that legislation directed against such industries would be of much avail, so hard must it always be to make laws for the effective protection of the pockets of the gullible.

The editor of *Hygiene* has also procured from Mr. Stokes an analysis of certain of Count Mattei's remedies. The analysis and the Count merit from us some detailed notice, because the sayings and the doings of this benovolent and gifted nobleman have received the endorsement of responsible persons. The Clarkes and the Holloways have been left to their own devices, and at large cost to themselves have obtruded, and are obtruding, upon us testimony to the excellency of their wares. But thoughtful people have not been asked to weigh these claims to notice. Men of science have not been taunted with refusing to make an examination of Mother Seigel; not the most emancipated of her sex have demanded it for her. But in Count Mattei's case a different state of things has prevailed. Panegyrics of his work have appeared in more than one case as original contributions to literature; and the editor of *The Review of Reviews* has bantered the medical profession because they have refused to see anything in the Count or his work deserving of serious consideration. These somewhat hysterical attentions appeared to us at the time a little laughable, and when we review them in conjunction with Mr. Stokes's report upon Count Mattei's "electricities," we see no reason to cease from laughing. Count Mattei, it may be remembered, was the inventor of the Electro-Homœopathy. This system of medicine, modestly claiming to be the only one whose remedies attack the fountain-head of sickness, so that healing must follow their use without fear of relapse, was expounded by its inventor some eight or nine years ago, and his treatise, although dealing with discoveries far transcending those of Harvey or Lister, can only be described as the usual thing. For those who do not know what this may imply, as also for the convenience of those whose morals may lead them to desire to imitate Count Mattei, we give a recipe for the production of the bogus scientific treatise, with a few notes on *Médecine Electro-Homœopathique*:—

1. Prefix a portrait. The Count faces the title-page in unbuttoned frock, with uncut hair, and stares gloomily into space.
2. Make an opening statement which nobody can deny, and call it the basis of your theory. The basis of Count Mattei's theory is that the blood nourishes the body. It was with something of this originality that Mr. Sapsea remarked that it was not good for man to be alone.
3. Make a false deduction from your opening statement. Count Mattei deduces that his remedies will nourish the body through the blood, because, apparently, they could not nourish the body through any other medium. He overlooks the fact that it has yet to be proved that they nourish the body at all.
4. Incorporate into your theory some gibberish, mystic, devout, or both. Count Mattei is not found wanting. He is, he owns, unable to explain his marvellous remedies. In all nature the hurt has a cure. His are natural remedies, and must cure natural hurts. Have faith. In his decoctions he has fixed the electric principle—the vital principle of the universe. He loves to call it electricity. He knows no better name for it. Why should not electricity be in his remedies? All the electricity in the world is not in Leyden jars. And so on, and so on. The Count obscures the questions at issue, which be:—Has any

* Patent alias Quack Medicines. By the Editor of "Hygiene." Reprinted from "Hygiene." London: Beaumont & Co. 1892.

electricity got into his remedies? Has any good come out of it, if it is there?

5. Append a list of cures. Here the Count comes out strong. There are eighty pages containing accounts of cases appended to his work, and we could not find among them one single convincing report. Either no name is given, or no address, or no date, or no record of physical signs, or the disease, from its description, was clearly not what the Count had assumed it to be. We have selected the cancer cases for exemplification of the justice of these remarks, because it has been widely and noisily claimed for Count Mattei that, like Dr. Johnson's astronomer, he has mitigated the fervour of the crab. Thirty-six cases of cure are given. Three of these cases seem to have been cancer. One of these had been healed by the knife before the electrical cure was attempted, and the other two may have been in that felicitous condition before Count Mattei saw them, or may never have altered for the better after they came under his notice. For the information given is very meagre. Yet these are the only three cases which we are bound to believe were cancer. Of the rest no man can say aught. They are called cancer by the Count, and are labelled with the proper scientific sub-titles, but, for all the evidence he adduces to the contrary, they may have been mumps or malingering. In the few cases where symptoms are given in support of the label, they absolutely tend to contradict it; invariably they show nothing of the peculiar touch of the crab's claw, and generally they are but the ordinary manifestations of inflammation.

The *Médecine Electro-Homéopathique* is a bogus work of science, and its author could not hope that the great medical schools of Europe would have any curiosity about such a system, or any faith in the evidence which he has marshalled in support of his claims. Further, if we mistake not, Count Mattei is quite satisfied with his fate. He has his disciples, and, if the editor of *Hygiene* is correct in the assumption, he derives a substantial revenue from them. It seems to us therefore unlikely that, in his own heart, the Count wants more, or expects more. But he has had in England an indiscreet friend in the editor of *The Review of Reviews*, who has insisted on the Count's claim to be taken seriously, and who has, in so doing, terribly damaged his chances of being taken picturesquely. For consider the Count's opportunities from this point of view. An Italian of noble birth, hid far from the strife of tongues in an ancestral castle, wrests from Nature her innermost secrets to shower the results upon a suffering world. Him nor men's sneers hurt nor kings' praises move. He is Lord of Death and a law to himself, and he dispenses his favours fearlessly. From this point of view, both as a pretty picture and as a romantic survival, the Count would have had his fascinations. While we knew nothing of him all this was possible. Alas! he has allowed himself to be interviewed and the glamour is gone. He has been made to appear in the character of a man of science, with the result that true men of science, in the bigoted big-wig manner that the unscientific so strongly reprobate, will see nothing substantial in his claims, while the sentimentalists have lost all illusion about him. For Count Mattei at that interview freely gave himself away. It then appeared that he bought his title, exported his medicine in carboys, and built his castle out of the proceeds. It further became known that he collected the autographs of the great people who employed him—Roumanian generals, for instance—and that he had one law for the rich and the same for the poor—pay up! Even his claims to original research were belittled, for the true discoverer of the Mattei remedies was, we were told, a sheep-dog. Having thus reduced the unfortunate Count from the altitude of a possible Cagliostro to the level of a smart trader, the editor of *The Review of Reviews* urged that the Electro-Homœopathic system should receive a fair trial at expert hands, supporting his demand by narrating the belief of certain persons in the efficacy of the Count's external remedies, or "electricities." First we had the late Mrs. Booth. This lady said that she was convinced that if she had persevered with "green-electricity" it would have cured her. Next there was a lady who was somewhat eclectic in medicine and used a herbal system of her own. She thought that "blue-electricity" owed its extraordinary influence in preventing hæmorrhage to the presence of "shepherd's purse." To us the more extraordinary thing is the confidence that the presence of "shepherd's purse" would prevent hæmorrhage. A Commissioner in the Salvation Army gave expert evidence. He believed that "blue-electricity" was so powerful that, as a styptic, it would save innumerable lives in field-hospitals. With regard to the action of the "red-electricity," Count Mattei has said in his treatise that he had known people to faint at contact with it. Surely, after this a proper scientific investigation was only the Count's due. The editor of *Hygiene* has come to the rescue of the neglected *avant*, the investigation has been made, and the sheep-dog has had his day. Mr. Stokes, the public analyst, has reported that the Count's red, green, and white "electricities" are water. They possess, he finds, neither colour, odour, taste, nor polarity. Their specific gravity is not practically above that of distilled water. They are neutral in reaction, and contain neither metal, alkaloid, or sediment. "There is," he writes, "but one substance which possesses all the above qualities—that is, water. None of these fluids differ at all from water in any of their properties." It will be difficult after this to contend that the electro-homœopathic treatment deserves the earnest attention of the scientific, or that Count Mattei has been unjustly excluded by the jealousy and

narrow-mindedness of the medical profession from doing universal good and receiving a world's applause. We are grieved for the sagacious sheep-dog whose taste for the remedy led to its discovery by the Count. The analysis has ruined his claims to figure in a dog-story. All sorts of dogs constantly devour the remedy.

That the editor of *Hygiene* can do much to arrest quackery as a practice by exposing the worthlessness of individual patent medicines we doubt; but the endeavour must always be creditable. He has, however, furnished thinking people with a weighty reason for inquiring whether the agitation in favour of the Italian nobleman has been a reasonable one, or whether the eulogy of his wares would not have been better placed in the advertisement columns only. There, under our existing laws, he could say what he chose about their virtues. And, in our opinion, that is the part of the paper to which he should be strictly confined. For we wish him to enjoy the same liberty and the same consideration that are extended to Mother Seigel—and no more.

MARIONETTES.*

IN this age of scientific research, of great dramatic and intellectual activity, the important subject of marionettes has met with unmerited neglect. In Paris, where all the angry passions of the Realist, the Symboliste, and the Décadent make so much noise that even *La Manche* has proved but ineffectual baize, one would have thought that Gounod's "Funeral March" was the last tribute we could pay to a neglected and broken-hearted puppet. In Paris, however, they take things seriously, and the performance of M. Maeterlinck's *Princesse Maleine* by a well-drilled company of marionettes is a reassuring sign of a healthy renaissance. In England, only the other day, serious allegations and charges of immorality were made against certain marionettes, who, after being compelled to appeal to a higher tribunal, we rejoice to hear, are completely exculpated. So, altogether, M. Lemerrier de Neuville's delightful History of Marionettes could not have been published at a more auspicious moment. Since Mr. Justin MacCarthy's History of his own times, it is the most valuable contribution to the study of wirepulling that has appeared in England or France. M. de Neuville, with great modesty, only claims for the first part of his book the place of a postscript to Charles Magnin's classical work on the History of Marionettes. He is concerned chiefly with the modern history of puppets, and in the first few chapters has given a scholarly *précis* of Magnin's researches. After briefly noticing the early references to the *νευράκια*, *sigille*, and *pupa* in Aristophanes and late Latin writers, he discusses the various names by which the puppet is known in different countries. Without being experts, we can hardly accept M. de Neuville's etymology of the word marionette. Rejecting the more obvious derivation from *marion*, a *buffoon*, used by Pliny and Martial, he believes that it comes from a name given to little figures of the Virgin, and applied afterwards in a spirit of derision to puppets; *Marie*, *Marotte*, *Mariote*, *Mariette*, *Marion*, and corrupted at last to "Marionnette." Very corrupt, indeed! A derivation of the same kind the comparative mythologist delights in. *Hecate*, *Trivin*, *Diana*, the *moon*, which is the *sun*, which is also the *stars*, and so on *ad infinitum*.

M. de Neuville is more convincing when he explains the methods of working marionettes; for under this name he includes all movable dolls, those moved either by machinery, india-rubber, wires, or the human hand, as our own Punch and Judy. Those figures worked by wires from the flies, which we call marionettes, are known in France more particularly as *Puppi* or *Fantoches*—the *Fantocini* of Italy—the cradle of the whole marionette race from where our own peculiarly British puppet originally came. "Guignols" are the puppets worked by the human hand. They came originally from Lyons, where they were introduced by Mourget in 1745. Guignol is a Lyons character of the Punch and Pierrot type. "Le caractère de ce personnage," says M. Onofrio, his biographer, "est celui d'un homme du peuple, bon cœur, assez enclin à la bambouche, n'ayant pas trop des scrupules, mais toujours prêt à rendre service aux amis." The famous puppet show in the Champs-Élysées takes its name from him. Many of the Guignol dramas, of which M. de Neuville gives specimens, are very amusing, and, as might be expected, far more diverting than those in which Casperel, the German prototype of Guignol, plays the hero. M. de Neuville devotes a few pages to the history and origin of Punch. His enthusiasm, however, for our great puppet, though generous, is not quite genuine, and he seems to have little sympathy for him. If, however, our national puppet drama does not attain to the high Continental level of excellence, the most famous company in Europe of travelling marionettes (that great school of the puppet drama) is conducted by Thomas Holden, an Englishman, whose *fantoches* are always the great attraction at the fairs in Belgian and French towns, and are unsurpassed in magnificence of stage management and *mise-en-scène* by the Parisian or Neapolitan houses.

The second part of M. de Neuville's fascinating study is mainly autobiographical. It tells the history of those *pupazzi* which he invented himself and introduced to the public as long ago as 1863. The only difference between his *pupazzi* and other *fantocini* is that, instead of representing imaginary characters from

* *Histoire anecdotique des Marionnettes modernes*. Par Lemerrier de Neuville. Avec une préface de Jules Claretie. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1892.

religious or romantic dramatic literature, they personate real people from living or deceased celebrities. The burlesque is completed by the introduction of more or less appropriate surroundings. Rossini, Théodore de Banville, Arsène Houssaye, and many others, have all been victimized by M. de Neuville's good-natured satire. Many of the *puppet* parodies supposed to be spoken by the puppet are admirable. That of Gautier, who appears as a sultan in a litter, smoking a cigarette, and supported by two cats, is capital:—

Je ne suis pas la muse sage,
Aux blonds cheveux, à l'air tremblant,
Qui sous sa robe sans corsage
Cache un sein plus que le mien blanche;

M. de Neuville, like a good citizen of the Republic, is justly proud of having given performances before kings and emperors who were not ashamed to patronize an entertainment similar to that which has delighted Byron, Goethe, Nodier, and Gérard de Nerval—to say nothing of M. Maeterlinck. Not the least attractive portion of M. de Neuville's History (where every page is a delight) is the brilliant preface of M. Jules Claretie, who, as director of the Comédie Française, has thoroughly realized the piquancy of writing an introduction to a history of marionettes, those ever-satisfactory interpreters of the drama.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. GORE'S "Bampton Lectures" may be regarded as an apology for *Lux Mundi*. The principal charge brought against that notorious volume was that it undermined the authority of Scripture. Mr. Gore replies by publishing from the University pulpit a compendium of theology, a general Act of Faith, in which he explains fully his attitude towards the leading doctrines of the Creed, especially the Incarnation, and clearly, though not so fully, his views upon those other doctrines which make up the sum of practical theology. He holds fast to all the great definitions, and shows that neither scientific nor historical criticism affects them. He is very far from comparing dogma, like Professor Sanday, to the old coaching inns; on the other hand, he points out that it is liable to misuse. "The dogmas," he says, "are only limits, negatives which block false lines of development, notice-boards which warn us off false approaches, guiding us down the true road to the figure in the Gospels, and leaving us to contemplate it unimpeded, and with the frankest gaze." They are, in fact, the rules for a sound exegesis. The most important Lecture is the sixth, on the office of our Lord as revealing Man. Mr. Gore thinks that "the record seems to assure us that our Lord in His mortal life was not habitually living in the exercise of omniscience." The seventh Lecture repeats the teaching of *Lux Mundi* on the authority of Scripture. It contains one very unguarded saying, that "the assistance of the Holy Ghost, which we call inspiration, may have been given to a Jewish writer in any literary undertaking which the conscience of his age would have approved." Surely inspiration goes a little beyond the conscience of the age. Practical theology is crowded into the last Lecture, which consequently deals in a sketchy way

with many subjects of high importance. Mr. Gore thinks the theory of a National Church "profoundly dangerous," on the ground that the nation drags the Church down. But is morality, as a matter of fact, higher amongst Roman Catholics or Dissenters than in the Church of England? We are accustomed to think, and experience seems to confirm the belief, that association with the national life gives religious thought and activity a breadth and dignity which are lost in narrow conventicles. Nor is it easy to suppose that Disestablishment, combined with the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline, which is the remedy here suggested, would mend matters. On Socialism Mr. Gore has some good remarks. He does not like Socialism; but he does not point, as many do, to almsgiving as the means of curing grave inequalities. The true road is to be found in the strict carrying out of our Lord's teaching as regards wealth. Faith and the doctrine of the Atonement are barely touched upon. It was just on these subjects that *Lux Mundi* was unprofitable. The general attitude of the Lectures is rigidity in dogma, elasticity on the border ground between faith and science, and vagueness in practical doctrine. Mr. Gore says with great good sense that "the prophetic function of the Church, as it seems to me, at the present moment, is not so much, in the first instance, to expand Christian influence as to concentrate it." But what the new school have done so far is to set us all, like the woman of Samaria, chattering about abstruse points of theology, while we are living with one that is not our husband at home. This is the frame of mind that will be fostered both by *Lux Mundi* and the Bampton Lectures. We do not complain of Mr. Gore. It is his office to fence with outsiders. He does it skilfully, and it is not his fault that he is popular. But unluckily because he is popular he tunes the pulpits, and sets every squeaking little pipe in the organ trying to blow bass. The result is neither expansion nor concentration.

The new number of "Texts and Studies" maintains, and even enhances, the sensational character of the series. In his *Study of the Codex Bezae* Mr. Rendel Harris enters into an elaborate examination of the Old Latin Version of the Gospels and Acts, carries back its origin to the very beginning of the second century, and represents it as the progenitor of the Alexandrine text, and of the Syriac and Sahidic Versions. He thinks that it was originally made at Carthage, brought to Rome between 160 and 170 A.D., and thence diffused all over the world. It is impossible to do justice in a brief notice to the industry, ingenuity, and power of combination displayed in this treatise. The reader will see at a glance that, if the main theory of the writer stands proof against criticism, it is of extraordinary importance with respect to the date of the original Greek of the sacred writings. It will also have far-reaching consequences in the realm of textual criticism; for in the author's view what is known as the Western text is largely produced by Latinization—that is to say, by alteration of the Greek into conformity with the Latin in bilingual interlinear manuscripts. To this extent its authority is largely depreciated. Mr. Harris's work is of extreme importance, not only to Biblical critics, but to students of the origin and etymology of the Romance languages, as well as to the Church historian. The traces of Gnostic and Montanist corruptions which he points out shed a flood of light on the diffusion, influence, and date of these modes of thought, though it is no news that there was a Montanism long before Montanus.

Mr. Harris is fortunate in the society of a wife who shares his interests. *The Newly Recovered Apology of Aristides* is an excellent popular account of the last great treasure-trove. Mrs. Harris tells how it was discovered in the Library of St. Catherine, paints a delightful picture of the faith and practice of the early Church, and gives a good translation of the most important portion of the *Apology*. She carries her readers into the very heart and soul of the sub-apostolic age, and has contrived in her little book to convey more real information than is often to be gathered from much more pretentious performances.

Mr. Mozley is always himself, and in his new volume on *The Son* he is more himself than ever. The style is as flowing, lucid, and strong, the knowledge of the world is as keen, the satire is as sudden and pungent as in any of his earlier writings. There is the same melancholy tolerance, the same impatience of exact knowledge, the same dislike of logical consequences. As for the theology, it is Arianism pure and simple. There are many to whom Arianism would be a step in advance, and, though it is neither so consistent nor so powerful a creed as that which Mr. Mozley strangely regards as peculiar to the Church of England, it may be allowed a hearing. But we could wish that its advocate had been somebody else.

William Secker was rector of Allhallows Church, London Wall, in the seventeenth century. His *Non-such Professor* sets forth "the Singular Actions of Singular Christians," the effects of grace in the heart, with all the quaintness of the Tayloresque age, but with a lightness and finish of style that are singularly modern. The book abounds in pithy sayings that lend themselves to quotation. "A field of wheat may be good, yet have a weed in it." "The water without the ship may toss it; but it is the water within the ship that sinks it." "A harp sounds sweetly, yet it hears not its own melody." "If youth be sick of the willnots, old age is in danger of dying of the shallnots." Secker deserves not to be forgotten.

An excellent book for children is the Rev. A. J. Church's *Stories from the Bible*. The present series, the second, tells the well-known stories from Esau to Daniel, and those who know the

* *The Incarnation of the Son of God*. The Bampton Lectures for 1891. By Charles Gore, M.A. London: John Murray.

A Study of the Codex Bezae. Vol. II. No. 1 of "Texts and Studies." By J. Rendel Harris, M.A. Cambridge: at the University Press.

The Newly Recovered Apology of Aristides; its Doctrine and Ethics. By Helen B. Harris. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Son. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel. London: Longmans & Co.

The Non-such Professor. By the Rev. William Secker, Minister of All Hallows Church, London Wall. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Stories from the Bible. By the Rev. Alfred J. Church. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Epistles to the Thessalonians. (Expositor's Bible.) By the Rev. James Denney, B.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1892.

The Relation of Confirmation to Baptism. By A. J. Mason, D.D., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co.

Natural Theology. Gifford Lectures for 1891. By Professor Sir G. G. Stokes, Bart., M.P. London: Adam & Charles Black.

The Dark Night of the Soul of St. John of the Cross. Translated by David Lewis, M.A. Second edition, revised. London: Thomas Baker.

The Divine Library of the Old Testament. By A. F. Kirkpatrick, B.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Place of Authority in Matters of Religious Belief. By V. H. Stanton, D.D., Ely Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge. London: Longmans & Co.

Essays chiefly on the Original Texts of the Old and New Testaments. By T. K. Abbott, B.D., Litt.D., Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin. London: Longmans & Co.

Problems of Christianity and Scepticism. By the Rev. Alex. J. Harrison, B.A., Vicar of Lightcliffe. London: Longmans & Co.

The Preacher and his Models. By the Rev. James Stalker, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Das Papstthum. Von I. von Döllinger. Neubearbeitung von Janus, von J. Friedrich. München: C. H. Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. 1892.

The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

History of My Life. By the Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., formerly Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada. London: Longmans & Co.

author's other books need not be assured that they are written with knowledge, reverence, and practised skill. The volume is well fitted for children up to the age of twelve.

Mr. Denney's volume on the *Epistles to the Thessalonians* is moderately Nonconformist, moderately Calvinist, moderately erudite. It is not so instructive as it might have been, but on the virtues and graces, and generally the practical aspect of the Christian life, the author writes with pastoral insight and in a simple unaffected style. Mr. Denney, like many others, identifies the prophet with the preacher. This is, we believe, an error, though a common one. The same man might, like St. Paul himself, be both; but there were prophets who were not preachers and preachers who were not prophets. Nor did preaching grow out of prophecy; the subjects and methods of the two modes of instruction were from the first distinct.

The Relation of Confirmation to Baptism by Dr. Mason is an elaborate treatise on the threefold rite of Baptism, Unction, and Laying-on of Hands. The subject is treated with great thoroughness, and the evidence of all the authorities, the Fathers and the Offices, is stated and explained with painstaking accuracy. Dr. Mason's view is that the gift conveyed in baptism proper is regeneration, that in confirmation is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit. The attempt to distinguish sharply between these gifts is hardly successful, but the book has considerable historical merit apart from any theory of the learned author. It will be found useful by all students in this department of theology.

Sir G. G. Stokes begins his Gifford Lectures on *Natural Theology* with the confession that he is not a metaphysician, and his book certainly bears him out. Had he been writing on his own mathematical or physical subjects, he would never have been satisfied to produce such a *rudis indigestaque moles* as this. The reader must not look for any particular argument or connexion, but just regard the book as notes on Butler's *Analogy*, or confessions of a religious man of science, or observations on the difficulties of Theism. From this point of view he will find that it abounds in instruction and acute observation. What Sir G. G. Stokes has to say about design, evolution, vivisection, teetotalism, coal, and prayer for fine weather is all worth reading; but it is highly discursive.

St. John of the Cross is well known—by name, at any rate—to all readers of Vaughan's delightful *Hours with the Mystics*. Mr. David Lewis has translated his *Dark Night of the Soul*, and the book will enable English readers to see for themselves exactly what is meant by mysticism—at least what is meant by that form of it which rests upon disinterested love—love, that is, without any sweetness, devotion walking through the flames of hell. Most Christians have felt aridity of soul, some few have wrestled with the dreadful sense of abandonment by God. We look upon such darkness of spirit as a punishment, or as a trial that will pass. To St. John of the Cross this *Dark Night of the Soul* is the highest blessing but one, a grace to be pursued, because it is the preparation for the highest blessing of all, that of the ecstatic vision. To our mind the book is terrible; for it represents, not only a real experience, but a doctrine that was actively and powerfully impressed on a large circle of disciples. Yet that way madness lies.

The Divine Library of the Old Testament is a little volume that deserves to be widely read. In five lectures of moderate length Professor Kirkpatrick treats of the origin of the Hebrew Scriptures, the mode of their preservation and history of their text, their inspiration and use in the Christian Church. The lectures were delivered originally to clerical meetings, and deal with their subject broadly, with excellent clearness and simplicity. The work will enhance its author's reputation for learning, judgment, and power of exposition. In a note at the end will be found an instructive criticism upon Canon Cheyne's Bampton Lectures.

Mr. Stanton's *Place of Authority in Matters of Religious Belief*, though it is rather lacking in animation and point, is a valuable help to the adjustment of the many conflicting, or apparently conflicting, claims upon belief, the authority of Our Lord, of Scripture, of scholarship and science, of the Church, and of conscience. We must leave the merits of the book to the reader, and content ourselves with noticing one or two points on which the author may seem to some minds to fall a little short of the mark. One is the relation of the Bible to the Church. Mr. Stanton is nervously afraid of the "vicious circle," A proves B and B proves A. But there can be no question of a circle. The Church includes the Bible, as the greater the less. It is the relation, not of one person to another, but of the mind to its work. Shakspeare wrote *Hamlet*, and Hamlet tells us something about Shakspeare; but, if we had known and lived with Shakspeare, we should know a great deal more about Hamlet than we do. We should know whether Hamlet was really mad or not. Again, Mr. Stanton identifies the authority of the Church finally with the authority of the individual conscience which has been trained in the Church. This is just, so far as it goes, though the need and nature of the social discipline might have been more distinctly brought out. But still a difficulty remains. *Non cuius homini*. There is no right of judgment without the power, and only the finer consciences possess the power. Here is the real crux, which in these days it is difficult to state politely. One other word as to the definition of Authority. Authority in religion is the old Latin *auctoritas*, not a reason for believing a thing, but a motive for following a person as far as we see him, and a little further.

Mr. Abbott's *Essays chiefly on the Original Texts of the Old*

and New Testaments comprise able papers on the Massoretic Text, the Lexicography of the New Testament, and the extent to which Greek was spoken in Galilee in the time of Our Lord.

Problems of Christianity and Scepticism is a book that can be recommended especially to town clergy who come into contact with the cruder forms of infidelity. Mr. Harrison has lectured on the subject and is evidently just the man for the purpose, clear-headed, quick, lively, full of animal spirits, and rejoicing in a pitched battle. If any one wants to know what to say in a popular evidence lecture, how to say it, and what to do when the audience begin to throw things about, this is the book for his purpose.

Mr. Stalker's nine Lectures on *The Preacher and his Models* were originally delivered to a class of divinity students at Yale. They are aimed a little too directly at the young man who means to make an oratorical success, and give little comfort to those bad preachers who are often the best. But they are vigorous and inspiring, the ambition which they stimulate is not a base ambition, and both as example and as precept they are not unworthy of study.

A new edition of a famous book is *Das Papstthum*. Dr. Friedrich has re-arranged the matter of *Janus*, and added copious notes giving the full text of all references. The preface informs us that the collaborateur of Döllinger was Professor Huber, who wrote about a tenth part of the work.

The Autobiography of Archbishop Ullathorne is an interesting record of a striking figure. William Ullathorne was the son of a well-to-do Yorkshire shopkeeper, a descendant of Sir Thomas More. He was born in 1806, began life as a common sailor, entered the Order of St. Benedict, became a priest, went out as Vicar-General and Government Chaplain to New South Wales, where he laboured with great devotion among the convicts, returned to England, and was promoted to the Episcopacy, exercising that office first at Bristol and afterwards at Birmingham. He breaks off his narrative in 1850. Ullathorne was full of devotion, ability, and resource, a pattern Roman priest, and, perhaps, a little too triumphant when he can peg a point against an Anglican rival.

Bishop Oxenden's *History of My Life* will be welcome to those who value the author's devotional writings, but does not contain much of general or permanent interest. Cardinal Manning, when a lad, once said to him, "You know that my motto is *Aut Caesar aut nullus*." There is high psychological interest in this little anecdote, but somehow the Bishop does scanty justice to his great experience even when speaking of Church life in Canada.

A remarkable and undignified instance of the despotism of publishers and the popular love of processions is to be found in *Preachers of the Age*. Of the Day would be better. The idea of the series is that the lion should eat straw like the ox, and church and chapel march side by side. His Grace of Canterbury leads the way, arm-in-arm with Dr. McLaren of Manchester. The Archbishop's volume is entitled *Living Theology*, that of the other Archbishop *The Conquering Christ* (London: Sampson Low & Co.)

Our list of sermons includes two volumes, the second and third, of a reissue of F. D. Maurice's *Lincoln's Inn Sermons* (London: Macmillan & Co.); *Doncaster Sermons*, by the Dean of Llandaff (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Gate Beautiful*, by Hugh Macmillan, a series of addresses suitable for young people, not quite children and not quite grown-up; they abound in striking illustrations and have a fine imaginative quality likely to do good to thoughtful boys and girls, though there is little definite doctrinal teaching (London: Macmillan & Co.); *The Sermon Year Books* (London: Hodder & Stoughton); *Corn on the Mountains*, vivacious and vulgar, by the Rev. John Robertson (London: James Nisbet & Co.); *The Love of Christ*, by the Rev. J. P. Hobson (London: The Religious Tract Society); *Sermons for Daily Life*, by the Rev. Canon Diggle (London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.); *Echoes from a Sanctuary*, a selection of the modest, earnest, spiritual utterances of the well-known Henry White, of the Savoy Chapel (London: Hutchinson & Co.); and *Sermon Outlines*, by the Rev. F. St. John Corbett (London: Skeffington & Son).

We have received also *Social and Present Day Questions*, by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar (London: Hodder & Stoughton); *Analysis of Theology*, by E. G. Figg, M.D. (London: Williams & Norgate); *Things to Come*, anonymous (London: Elliot Stock); *Lady Hymn Writers*, by Mrs. E. R. Pitman (London: T. Nelson & Sons); *The Story of the Exodus*, by Frances Younghusband (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *A Manual of Doctrine and Practical Notes for Church Teachers*, by the Rev. J. S. Boucher (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *Advent Readings*, by M. E. Granger, with Introduction by Canon Knox-Little (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh); *The Church and her Doctrine*, by the Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Wace, and others (London: James Nisbet & Co.); *Dooma and the Church of England*, by A. I. Fitzroy (London: William Blackwood & Sons); *Conventional Christianity*, by V. Laurien (London: Eden, Remington, & Co.); *The Bible True from the Beginning*, vol. v. by the Rev. E. Gough (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited); *The Biblical Illustrator*, two volumes, the first containing the Epistles to the Thessalonians and to Timothy, the second the third part of the Gospel of St. John, by the Rev. J. S. Exell (London: James Nisbet & Co.); *The Real Jesus*, by J. Vickers (London: Williams & Norgate);

The Lord's Supper and the Passover Ritual, a translation of the well-known and useful *Messe und Pascha* of Bickell (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); *The Life and Times of Joseph*, in which the Rev. H. G. Tomkins illustrates the history of the Patriarch by a free and intelligent use of Egyptology. This readable and instructive little book forms the new number of the "By-Paths of Bible Knowledge" (London: The Religious Tract Society); *The Early Church*, a history of Christianity in the first six centuries, by the late Dr. David Duff (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); and *Erasmus, and other Essays*, by Marcus Dods, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton).

POEMS.*

IT would be interesting for any literary student to trace the changes and developments of fashions in the language of poetry from the time of Addison and Pope to our own day; from the time when poets wrote of "The Fair" and "lisp'd in numbers," to the time when those epithets are exchanged for "God's buttercups and cowslips," and various other still more recent developments in the dictionary of verse-writers.

Every new genius in the poetic world does something equivalent to inventing a vocabulary of his own. This vocabulary is first derided by orthodox critics as affected, obscure, and altogether to be condemned. Then the nation gradually imbibes the novelty, and it is finally reproduced *ad nauseam* by all the minor poets of the period. Any reader who cares to look over a batch of contemporary verses of the kind we here notice will find them so pervaded with the form, not of any particular poet, but of the age, that he will turn from them with a sense of weariness at their staleness, and almost of irritation against the originators of those forms, whose greatness we forget when we see them reflected in their imitators. Lord Lytton has well said in one of his critical essays that the form of all genius is imitable, it is the genius of the form which remains unique. In the shoals of verses weekly fished out of the literary sea, the ideal of the Socialist is realized. They contain nothing unique, and their equality of mediocre merit is well sustained. What can we say of poems which say nothing of themselves? Happy thought! We can classify them. Give a dog a bad name, and hang him. Give a book any name whatsoever, and you have material for ample talk about it, even if you touch upon nothing but its title. We turn to the volumes before us, and divide them into three classes—the dramatic, the historical, and the lyrical.

The poems of the late William Caldwell Roscoe, now republished with a short prefatory notice by his daughter, are partly lyrical, partly dramatic in form. In his two tragedies, *Violenzia* and *Élihu's Count of Yveloe*, there is a want of appreciation of the principles of drama, and in his shorter poems we miss the sincerity of feeling and the polish of form which we look to find in lyrics of high merit. The ability displayed in the volume is, nevertheless, considerable; the plays are not without interesting conceptions, and there is a certain manliness and boldness in the verse which excites our sympathy, while at the same time it fails to inspire our enthusiasm.

Mr. Guthrie Smith has given himself over into the hands of the enemy by informing us that his blank-verse poem of *Crispus* is "a drama"; for on this point we cannot agree with him. It is an historical sketch, in which the author faithfully adheres to the facts concerning that unfortunate prince as they are related in Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*; but his drama is, if anything, less dramatic than the historian's history. Mr. Guthrie Smith has carefully set aside the most dramatic point suggested by the historian—namely, that the Empress Fausta was supposed to entertain a guilty passion for her step-son Crispus—but this may have been either on the ground that this situation is not sufficiently well authenticated (for this author seems to aim at truth rather than at fiction), or else that it has been already used in dramatic literature. The author may say in defence of the non-dramatic structure of his play that it is not an acting, but a reading, play. We can only reply as Rogers did, when a similar assertion about a play was made to him:—"Then, sir, I shall not read it."

Mr. Block's dramatic sketches and poems belong to the Brown-ing school. They are full of riddles which remain unsolved. They deal with things human and things divine, they contain disquisitions on the universe, and many big words about the Infinite and the Abstract. Nevertheless, the poems contain little real thought, and are vague and misty without being imaginative. "The Exile" bears some faint resemblance in form and conception to "Paracelsus," but it can scarcely be called a success. Two children play by the seashore, one a girl who represents the imaginative and beautiful side of life, the other a boy who represents action and strong common-sense. To them appears a

bogie man in the shape of "The Stranger." This mysterious personage lives alone in a great place where no one goes. He is the type of the Seeker after Ideal Truth. His solitude has apparently somewhat deranged his wits, and he frightens the little girl by sundry eccentric attempts to capture her as a fit companion to share his life. These attempts failing, he tries to win her through the consent of her parents. They, however, do not see in him an eligible suitor for their daughter's hand, and reject his offer. Embittered and indignant, he then retires once more into the undisturbed contemplation of his own soul, and consoles himself with reflections not distinguished either for their modesty or for their intellect.

The city's tumult left behind, the pain of friendship,
The fierce remorse of love, the belittling sense
That comes with too much intercourse with men,
All these and worse left behind for ever—
While the vexed heart resumes its nobler peace,
The sea of thought upheaves no more with storm,
And inner weds the outer large repose,
Like him who thus hath found what long he sought,
I wander inward from the wizard scene,
Release me from its many dear deceits,
And rest within the Spirit's Solitude.

The shorter and less ambitious poems of the book are more successful, and "Ariadne," "A Dream," and "The Dedication" at the close of the volume are amongst the best.

The *Romances and Poems*, by Miss Rose Seaton, bear the traces of an author still young and inexperienced. Her verse, from the purely technical point of view, is not good, but there is human interest in her stories, and a distinct lyrical feeling in some of her shorter pieces, of which "The Dream Child" is the best.

In his latest volume of verses Mr. E. G. Hole scarcely satisfies our expectation. The poems contained in *Amoris Imago* aim at being emotional, descriptive, and dramatic, but a certain mincing affectation pervades them all, and they contain no spark of genuine power or feeling.

From the Asolan Hills is a book full of erudition, and of a student's enthusiasm for the scenes, not only beautiful in the sight of the sun, but associated with the names of many great ones. The book may be recommended to any traveller who visits "the enchanting land that lies between the Piave and the Brenta," and wishes to be reminded of all the literary and historical associations with which that country teems. To the reader, however, who sits at home by his ain fireside the book has too much the effect of a versified Baedeker to be very attractive reading.

A Daughter of the Gods is a pretty little white volume, containing a free translation in flowing ballad metre of the first, second, and third books of the *Iliad*, and is modestly dedicated by the author to his son. His object, he assures us, was to make these old-world tales attractive to young children, and certainly the old heroes fight their battles over again for the immortal Helen with great spirit and energy in the pages of this little volume. The etchings, however, which are introduced to illustrate the text are a failure, and not calculated to kindle any child's admiration for the Homeric demigods.

THE STORY OF A MAHRATTA CHIEF.*

IT is only by a somewhat loose use of language that the hero of this biography can be included among the "Rulers of India." Madhogi never became a ruler of India, though he probably dreamt of such a consummation, and might conceivably, in the wild turmoil of Indian politics during the latter half of the eighteenth century, have achieved it. He played a very leading part, however, on a stage which was crowded with military and political adventurers, and his career is full of interest to those historical students who aim at understanding the position of the English in India at this epoch, and the wild chaos in the midst of which Clive, Hastings, and Cornwallis laid the foundations and consolidated the structure of British rule. It was a period when the paralysis of a great governing centre had converted human society over a vast territorial area into one huge scramble for plunder and personal aggrandizement.

The Moghul Empire was in the throes of dissolution. The fanatical Aurungzebe had devoted a long reign to futile projects of bringing the independent kingdoms of Southern India within his sway, oblivious of the fact that his bigotry was alienating the entire Hindu population, and that enemies of terrific strength were gathering around him, eager for the plunder of a falling throne. His successors reaped the dire reward of his shortsighted zeal. His ill-judged struggle left the Moghul Government shattered and powerless. The Mahrattas were masters of the position in Western and Central India. One great dependency after another renounced allegiance, Oudh in one direction, the Hyderabad Nizam in another, the chieftains of Rajpootana in a third. In 1738 Nadir Shah led his desolating hordes through the Khyber, turned Delhi into a shambles, and returned, leaving a ghastly scene of pillage and massacre behind him. Ten years later the Durani monarch, Ahmed Shah, commenced the long series of invasions

* Poems. By W. C. Roscoe. London: Macmillan & Co.

Crispus: a Drama. By Guthrie Smith. London: Blackwood & Sons.

Dramatic Sketches and Poems. By Louis J. Block. London: Lippincott & Co.

Romances and Poems. By Rose Seaton. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Amoris Imago. By E. G. Hole. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

From the Asolan Hills: a Poem. By Eugene Benson. London: Elkin Mathews.

A Daughter of the Gods. By Joseph Cross. London: The Leadenhall Press.

* *Sir Mádhozá Ráo Sindhia, otherwise called Madhogi*, Rulers of India Series. By H. G. Keene, C.I.E., M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1892.

which reduced large portions of Upper India to the condition of a desert. Meanwhile Mahratta Governments had come into existence at various new centres, inspired everywhere with the same instinct of rapine. From Poona they dominated the Western Ghats, from Nagpoor they threatened Bengal, from Malwah they made their presence felt at Delhi. In 1761 they had the temerity to cross swords with Ahmed Shah in Northern India, and their army was annihilated at Paniput. On this occasion Madhogi very nearly closed his career. He and several of his brothers had marched in the contingent furnished by their father Sindhia, as a member of the Mahratta confederacy, to the expedition. All fell on the field except himself, and he owed his survival to the forbearance of one of Ahmed Shah's troopers, who pursued, wounded, and plundered him, but spared his life. From this time onward for the next thirty years Madhogi figures continually in the ever-shifting scene of Indian politics. He succeeded to his father's right as chief of the Sindhia principality, and soon gave evidence of his quality. His natural gifts were well suited for the part which he had to play—"political sagacity, deep artifice, restless ambition, implacable revenge." Henceforth, wherever opportunity offered for a successful coup or carefully prepared plot, the eager temperament of Madhogi made itself felt. The overthrow of the Mahrattas at Paniput was but a temporary prostration. Within ten years they were again threatening Delhi, and levying their tribute within sight of the Moghul capital. Madhogi's diplomacy had by this time enlarged his domain, and made him lord of a wide stretch of territory between the Chumbal and Nerbudda Rivers. The powerless puppet, who still called himself Emperor, was precisely the sort of tool with which a nature like Madhogi's can cut his way to greatness. In 1771 we find Delhi in the hands of the Mahrattas, and Madhogi escorting the Emperor in a State entrance to his recovered capital. A little later, out of a tangled web of intrigue, there emerges the solid fact that the services of the Mahrattas are rewarded by a grant of territory in the tract enclosed by the Ganges and Jumna, and familiarly known as the Doab. It was at this point that the progress of the Mahratta race assumed such grave importance in Warren Hastings's estimate of the perils which were on every side confronting him. A strip of country stretching eastward of the Ganges to the confines of Oudh was occupied by Rohilla chiefs, Afghan adventurers, who had taken advantage of the disorders consequent on Nadir Shah's inroad to establish a rude sovereignty over a Hindu population. They had assisted in the rout of the Mahrattas at Paniput, and it seemed probable that either by fraud or force the Mahrattas might now get possession of their domain. Warren Hastings recognized the danger of a Mahratta settlement eastward of the Ganges, and, when the opportunity presented itself of enabling the Oudh sovereign to seize the Rohilla territory, felt but little scruple in abetting an arrangement which would raise a substantial rampart against the encroaching wave of Mahratta ascendancy. Lord Macaulay's fantastic myth of the chivalrous Rohillas, living in primitive innocence and exterminated by a ruthless neighbour with the aid of English troops, has resolved itself into a piece of practical statesmanship, which effectually safeguarded the still feeble British dominion from the risk of a catastrophe in which it might easily have been overwhelmed. In this murky atmosphere of plots and counterplots, the keen genius of Madhogi was ever scenting the neighbourhood of booty or the opportunity of personal aggrandizement. The succession of an infant Peshwá, and a contest at Poona between the Regency party, who supported his claims, and his uncle Ragoba, who aspired to his throne, presented a fresh opportunity for skillful manoeuvring. The Bombay Government plunged into the quarrel, espoused the cause of Ragoba, and paid dearly for its temerity by a severe repulse and an ignominious treaty. Hastings, compelled to assist a campaign of which he highly disapproved, despatched a force to the assistance of Bombay. Madhogi, at the proper moment, espoused the opposite faction. For some months he and the Governor-General were engaged in a sort of personal struggle, the prize of which was to be the ascendancy in Upper India. The combat was ended in August 1780 by the gallant feat of an English officer, Colonel Popham, who succeeded, against every rule of military science, in seizing the fortress of Gwalior, till then believed impregnable, by a midnight escalade. Sindhia, not yet convinced of his inability to compete with disciplined English troops, ventured once again to try his fortunes with them; but lost his camp, elephants, horses, and baggage, and for the future made it an unbending rule of his policy never, under any circumstances, to come into collision with the English battalions. A treaty shortly afterwards concluded reinstated Madhogi in his territorial possessions, and practically proclaimed the ascendancy of the British as universal peacemakers throughout the peninsula. Both parties to the encounter were well content. Sindhia had obtained a free hand to pursue his projects of aggrandizement in Western India. Warren Hastings, having got possession of such portions of the dismembered Empire as were essential for his commercial purposes, was well content to leave the rest in the hands of a statesman whose sagacity and prowess were the best guarantee against anarchy. "Setting apart the territories of Tipú and the Nizám, Sindhia was free to deal as he chose with all parts not ruled by the British. Hastings, the only British Indian ruler who never made an annexation, secured the interests of his country in the best way by leaving the rest in the hands of his ablest and wisest contemporary."

We must not attempt to follow Mr. Keene in his very detailed account of the various directions in which the aspiring Madhogi turned his opportunities to good account. The Emperor was still—despite his actual decrepitude—a good name to conjure with, and Warren Hastings's recommendation opened the way for the acceptance of Madhogi's services by the Imperial Court. He received, by way of recognition, two patents, one constituting the Peshwá Vice-Regent of the Empire, the other vesting in himself the military command as Deputy to the Peshwá. Thus placed in an independent military command, Madhogi saw his road to greatness more plainly than ever. But ambition brought its own troubles. The Rajpoot barons resented his investigation of their titles, and a Rajpoot army of 100,000 men assembled to defend their endangered rights. The Sikhs began to threaten on the north-western frontier. Madhogi was compelled to temporize, and at last to fly. A Pathan adventurer, with a long list of grievances to avenge, made his way into the Delhi Palace, seized the Emperor's person and family, and crowned a long orgy of outrage by putting out the Royal prisoner's eyes. Madhogi's aid arrived only in time to avenge the cruelties which he had been powerless to prevent. His military resources at this time were strengthened by the presence of Count de Boigne, a French officer of experience and distinction, with whose aid Madhogi organized his army on the European system, and rendered it superior to any yet led by a Mahratta chief. With this force the Rajpoot chieftains were ultimately coerced into submission.

The closing scene of Madhogi's career was characteristic. Complete master of the situation in Upper India, and able to dictate orders from the Sutlej to the Nerbudda, he deemed it necessary in 1792 to visit the recognized head of the Mahratta confederacy, the Peshwá, at Poona, with a view to counteracting the influence of a powerful Minister of the Palace, Nána Purnavis, whose aims were as ambitious as his own. The two men recognized each other as foes. Madhogi behaved with a judicious ostentation of humility. Though lord of wide territories and a powerful army, he deemed it expedient to affect an obsequious air, dismounted from his elephant, took his place among the lowest courtiers, and paraded the slippers, which, in his father's right, he declared it his privilege to carry for the Peshwá's use. His visit was justified under the pretext of a mission to invest the young Peshwá with the new title granted to him by the Emperor. Costly and interesting presents from Hindustan gave additional charm to the investiture. The pageant was splendid and impressive. The young Peshwá's vanity was flattered by Madhogi's insistence that his own investiture as Deputy should be conferred by the Peshwá's hand. The courtly visitor's frank manners and agreeable companionship completed his ascendancy. The astute Nána Purnavis watched his declining influence, and with tearful eyes tendered his resignation of office, in which he no longer enjoyed his master's confidence. The news of a brilliant victory, won by Madhogi's forces over the rival army of Indore, completed his personal triumph. His sudden death—due, as some authorities assert, to an attack from a hostile hand—put an end alike to hopes and fears, and cleared the scene of one of its most striking personages. "He received from his father," says the historian, "a small principality; he bequeathed to his successor a kingdom comprising all the territory from the Sutlej to Allahabad, two-thirds of Malwah, and the fairest provinces in the Deccan, as well as the finest native army in India."

We must not close our sketch of Mr. Keene's narrative without bearing testimony to the thoroughness of his knowledge and the intimate familiarity with the subject which is apparent throughout the work. He is, indeed, if he will forgive us for saying so, somewhat too familiar with his subject. The story which he has essayed to tell is one which it is next to impossible to make interesting to the general reader. It is complicated, entangled, perplexing, and, when all has been told, and many strange names have been mastered, it comes to little more than that one among a number of competitors for power, in an hour when the hand of controlling authority was paralysed, showed more ability and unscrupulousness, or had better luck than his rivals. The impression left on the reader's mind is that the India of Warren Hastings was a scene of unexampled danger and difficulty to the man whose task it was to preserve and defend the ill-constructed and feeble fabric of British administration. To use his own impressive language, "the seed of this wonderful production was sown by the hand of calamity, it was nourished by fortune, and cultivated and shaped by necessity." How grave were the calamities, how dire the necessity, Mr. Keene's volume will give a vivid idea to the student who, with some previous information at his command, is zealous enough to peruse it with attention.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HAPPY LIFE.*

IF Miss North's life was, on the whole, a wonderfully happy one, the secret was in herself. She pays herself unconsciously a flattering compliment when she says, *à propos* to a long sojourn in the Brazils, that "friends seemed always accumulating around me and making life very enjoyable." Yet with many

* *Recollections of a Happy Life; being the Autobiography of Marianne North.* Edited by her Sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

women life might have been a failure in her circumstances. She had been brought up in a singularly happy home. She had been the friend and the confidante of her accomplished father, who sat for many years as the Liberal member for Hastings. She had passed her youth between the old family seat of Rougham, in Norfolk, a still more venerable and picturesque mansion in Lancashire, and a delightful marine residence at Hastings, surrounded by the gardens and glass-houses in which she delighted. She lost her father when at the age of twenty-five, and her invalid mother had died some years before. She was left desolate; her occupation was gone; and all her habits were to be changed. In place of giving herself over to unavailing regrets, she took her resolution at once. She determined to turn her talents to useful account, and she was very variously gifted. She was a brilliant musician, and until her voice failed her she might have been almost as famous as a vocalist. But besides that, she had rare facility as an artist, and was an enthusiast in botany as in horticulture. Henceforward she made it her object to travel everywhere in quest of studies and specimens, and to make the collections of paintings and sketches which she was to place at the disposal of the nation. She wandered about all the quarters of the globe, seeking out everything likely to reward her researches; and the results of her labours, which are to be seen at Kew, in houses erected at her own expense, have proved invaluable to students and are of inexhaustible interest to amateurs. Most people who read the story of her travels may think they were by no means unmixt pleasure. She had to rough it continually; she risked her health in trying or deadly climates, not without serious consequences; and the single lady in her adventurous travelling must often have wished that she had been of the other sex. But, on the other hand, the excitement carried her pleasantly along; she was animated to fresh efforts by wonderful discoveries, and by the sense of continual little triumphs. The best tribute to her attractive and genial qualities is the hospitality which was everywhere lavished on her by all sorts and conditions of people. Governors-general and governors welcomed her in their domestic circles; foreign potentates from the Emperor of Brazil downwards delighted to do her honour; Rajahs received her with oriental magnificence; consuls were civil; farmers and rude ranchers were equally friendly, and the independent masters of inns in the most unsophisticated districts stretched many a point in the lady's favour. Thoroughly cosmopolitan and talking many languages indifferently, she managed somehow to get on with everybody. Sometimes she was entertained under the same roof for many months; sometimes she preferred a cottage to the state of a governor's residence, because it left her more free to follow her tastes. Now and then she settled into some lonely and dilapidated mansion, living simply on coffee, bread, and fruit, and with a native servant for her only companion. For it was her habit to keep irregular hours, and to be temporarily oblivious of the cravings of nature. She would wander forth before sunrise in the tropics that she might escape the hottest of the sunblaze; and if it was a question between the breakfast and her drawings, the breakfast went to the wall, and possibly the dinner followed. Notwithstanding the multifarious variety of her wanderings, there is necessarily a certain monotony in them, owing to her single-minded pursuit of her objects. No doubt her sister, Mrs. Symonds, who edits the book, judged wisely in suppressing some portion of the journals. Yet the narrative is so sprightly and so picturesque; many of the fancies are so quaint, and some of the touches are so naturally humorous that few of her readers will wish it to be shorter; for, after all, we are not bound to study it conscientiously.

Though recognizing the respect due to the laws of hospitality, Miss North, nevertheless, could never resist giving candid and graphic touches to her portraits. Sometimes the identities are transparently veiled under initials; and occasionally personages who were exceptionally dignified and magnificently self-conscious are left anonymous. The gentleman who governed New Zealand when she visited it "had a cold formal manner; but we got on well at once." She is exceptionally outspoken in her description of Bishop Colenso and his household, and it strikes us as true to the life. A thorough gentleman, genial and gentle, he had the ingenious knack of getting into hot-water with everybody. "His conversation was delightful; but he gave me the impression of being both weak and vain, and very susceptible to flattery." The wily chief of the Zulus had got on the Bishop's blind side, and his family held to the same faith. "The dear natives were incapable of harm, the whites incapable of good." But Miss North is never so amusing as in her sympathetic appreciation of the eccentric individualities among the animals she has seen or known. There was a favourite dog of her father's which was implicitly trusted. One day, when left in a room with a tempting pigeon-pie, he abused the confidence which had been reposed in him. He could not resist stealing a pigeon, but he replaced the bird with the blackened sponge on which Mr. North used to wipe his pens. She made great friends with the sacred baboons in the Indian temples, who came and sat by her side to criticize her drawing, or who, after breaking out in the tricks of their unregenerated monkey nature, would suddenly fold their arms and relapse into pious imbecility, as if they had been disciples of Buddha, and meditating on the Nirvana. She commemorates her first impressions of the Queensland kangaroos, when she saw fifty come hopping downhill in single file, ludicrously manoeuvring as if moved by machinery, and using their big tails for balancing rods. Shortly afterwards she saw a

bear taking a siesta in the fork of a gum-tree, who merely cocked his great ears and yawned when her attendants shied stones at him. "He knew he was out of harm's way. He took his constitutional only at night, and was not going to alter his habits to please anybody." She tells a capital story of a cockatoo, brought up in a zoological garden, and taught to say, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen. Don't come all at once—one at a time." The bird escaped, and was found with a troop of wild cockatoos attacking it. It was lying on its back, fighting beak and claw, and screaming out, "Come on, ladies and gentlemen; come on. Not all at once; one at a time." She heard of a South African baboon who, having taken to brigandage, had assailed a musician returning from a dance, and captured his accordion. Examining his prize, there was a dismal discord, followed by a hideous howl, and the robber vanished in a panic, leaving the booty behind. She encumbered herself with the purchase of a family of opossum mice, and they cost her endless trouble and anxiety. More than once the father broke loose, and began careering about her room at night. In the semi-tropical heat she shut all doors and windows and blocked the chimney. She knew the only chance of recapturing him was in waiting for daylight. Then, like the ostrich of fable, he would stick his head into a hole, and go to sleep, "no doubt thinking that if he could not see me I could not see him." But the mice proved extremely serviceable afterwards in her journey across the North American Continent; for they excited such intense interest with railway-guards, hotel-keepers, &c., that they always ensured their mistress civility or a cordial reception.

Her enthusiasm in her special pursuit became a passion. When her health had broken down and her nerves were hopelessly shattered she started on her last journey. It was to Chili, because "all the biggest trees of the world were represented at home in my gallery except the *Araucaria imbricata*, and I could find no description of this tree in any new books of Chilean travel"; consequently she booked a passage to Valparaiso. The many acquaintances she made abroad did their best to gratify what had become almost a monomania. But the most sporting offer was made by the Governor of the Cape; and we cannot wonder that at first she doubted whether his Excellency was not jesting. He proposed to send her in a warship to seek the *Welwitschia*. "I did not feel sure whether he meant it sincerely, and I made out that it would have to take me over a thousand miles and back in order to get a living specimen." She adds naively:—"I thought it was asking too much of Government good-nature, but was sorry afterwards." It is impossible to give an idea of all she saw and did, nor have we attempted it. Since Michael Scott wrote *Tom Cringle*, we have read nothing better than her description of Jamaica, where she spent some delightful weeks by herself in a lonely tenement on the Blue Mountains. She mentions, by the way, a remarkable fact which struck her disagreeably on her second visit. Formerly the Southern slopes of the hills had been entirely free from the noxious grass-tick. On her second visit these insects swarmed, and the popular theory was that they had been brought over the summits by the mongoose, which had been imported by the Governor to kill the rats. Having tired of rats, the mongoose had shifted south in search of poultry, bringing the parasitical ticks along with them. She saw much of the Dutch possessions in the Spice Islands, going into districts seldom travelled by the English. She was entertained at Sarawak by the reigning Rajah Brooke, who does not appear to have inherited the administrative genius of the founder of the dynasty. She ran real risks in the hill country of Northern India, where more than once she was caught in the rains, and nearly swamped in the flooded rivers. She was carried by coolies over formidable mountain passes, in terrible weather, through half-savage feudatory States. On the other hand, she saw all the "splendour and squalor" of the East in the overcrowded capitals of hospitable Rajahs. They lent her London-built coaches, drawn by four or six horses, or palanquins or elephants, as her case might be. And there is nothing more dramatic than the account of her bivouacking and picnicking in the ruined palaces and temples of Rajputana as the honoured guest of a potentate who traced his descent from the Sun. On one occasion she had made a frugal luncheon of biscuit, in which she had been helped by the rats. Suddenly the great doors were thrown open to admit a train of servants in gorgeous liveries, bearing silver dishes laden with delicacies, champagne, claret, coffee, &c. "It was like a scene in the *Arabian Nights*—even the poor fever-stricken guardian looked happy and gorgeous in a gold and silver livery." Miss North passed her last years in laying out glorious gardens in Devonshire, into which gifts of flowers and trees had been poured from all quarters of the world. But a naturally strong constitution had been hopelessly undermined, and she was not long spared to enjoy the Eden she was creating.

DICKENS'S LETTERS.*

DICKENS, as the world knows, was on terms of affectionate intimacy with Wilkie Collins, whose powers he appreciated rather beyond their exact deserts. When Miss Hogarth and her niece issued their collection of "the Letters," it seemed strange that no more than a score of Wilkie Collins's was to

* *Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins, 1851-1870.* Selected by Miss Georgina Hogarth. Edited by Laurence Hutton. London: James K. Osgood, 1892.

be found in the gathering. We are, indeed, told in the Preface to this little volume that "a large number of letters" (close upon a hundred) "from Dickens to Collins were discovered after the death of Collins by his friend and literary executor, M. A. P. Watt." This ambiguously-sounding "discovered" seems to suggest that the papers had been lost to the owner and his heirs, or had since "turned up," or had been unearthed by his executors. It is more likely that Collins, though he gave cordial aid to the two ladies in their work, may have reserved this century of letters for a purpose of his own. And there are, no doubt, other correspondents of Dickens who are in possession of collections of letters which they cannot freely utilize owing to the inconvenient restraints of executorship.

The new letters, edited by Mr. Laurence Hutton, and "selected" by Miss Hogarth, made their first appearance in *Harper's Magazine*. It is left obscure whether the selection was made from the collection in the magazine or from the MS. letters; in the latter case, there would be some still left unpublished. But we cannot agree with Mr. Hutton that "the following specimens are quite as characteristic, and fully as interesting, as any she [*i.e.* Miss Hogarth] gave to the public in her own volume," or volumes rather. The brilliancy, vivacity, playfulness, and wit of "The National Sparkler," as he here pleasantly calls himself, were never more abundantly displayed. But these letters to Collins are, in the main, on business or "shop," and deal with the numerous literary schemes in which both were concerned. Not but that occasionally "the gifted man"—another of his self-dubbed titles—flashes out and sparkles in his happiest vein.

Dickens, as his friends well knew, from a fond partiality, and perhaps an ever-restless imagination, somewhat exaggerated the merits of particular works and writers. We often heard him say—or he has written—"Look in the next number, and you will find a very striking story by ——" On looking, the result was often disappointing. There must have been some association which touched or affected him. These Collins letters are full of warm admiration for his friend's various works. And yet, popular as they were, a later revised judgment will consign them to the limbo of forgotten novels. Neither *No Name*, nor *Hide and Seek*, nor *Armada* will, as Sterne said, "float down the gutter of time."

Dickens was always at his best when touching off any theatrical absurdity or grotesqueness. He once attended a performance of *Antony and Cleopatra* at the Standard, in which Miss Glyn and one "Williams," whom we could readily identify, took part:—

A man much heavier than Mark (on the actual scale, I mean), and about twenty years older, played Caesar. When he came on with a map of London—pretending it was a scroll, and making believe to read it—and said, "He calls me Boy," a howl of derision arose from the audience.

He then described how he himself was

ensconced in a small managerial Private Box in the very centre of the house—frightfully sleepy—I had a dirty steak in the City first, and I think they must have put Laud-mum in the Harvey's Sauce—and was played at point blank by the entire strength of the Company. The horrors in which I constantly woke up, and found myself detected, you will imagine. The gentle Glyn, on being called for, heaved her snowy bosom straight at me; and the boxkeeper informed me that the manager who brought her on "would have the honour of stopping round directly." I sneaked away in the most craven and dastardly manner, and made an utterly false representation that I was coming back again.

This is admirable, and very complete and finished as a grotesque sketch. In these letters, too, is found a "characteristical" illustration of the "gude conceit" of the smaller tribe of authors, as well as of Dickens's unruffled good nature and modesty. Mrs. Gaskell, who was the Mrs. Oliphant of her day, was welcomed by Dickens into his new journal with the most hearty and generous cordiality. In Miss Hogarth's collection we find him actually apologizing for some little alteration he had made in the lady's story. It seems, however, that she wrote tartly to Mr. Wills, the sub-editor, that she must "particularly stipulate not to have her proofs touched, even by Mr. Dickens." Ignorant of which, Dickens had gone over the proofs with great pains, revising and taking out also all "her weakenings and damagings of her own effects." But he at once gave way, and directed that, after the chapters were published, the revised proofs should be shown to her, and she was to be asked "to consider whether her story would have been the better or the worse for it." That was his delicate reproof to the author.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

THE fourth and fifth volumes of the New Cambridge Shakespeare contain the English Chronicle Plays from *King John* to *Henry VIII.*, and thus constitute to a certain extent an in-

* *The Works of Shakespeare*. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. Vols. IV. and V. London: Macmillan & Co.

Chronicle of the English Drama, 1559-1642. By F. G. Fleay. 2 vols. London: Reeves & Turner.

Our English Homer. By William White. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Sidney's Arcadia. Edited by H. Oskar Sommer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

The Muses' Library. Vols. I. and II. *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*. Edited by A. W. Pollard. With a Preface by A. C. Swinburne. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books, Lyrics from Elizabethan Dramatists. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Lawrence & Bullen.

Elizabethan Songs in Honour of Love and Beauty. Collected by Edmund Garrett. With Preface by Andrew Lang. Illustrated with Photogravures. London: Osgood, Melville, & Co.

tegral division of the book. As before, the work is easier to commend than to comment on, owing to the rigidity with which the editor has, except in the rarest cases, limited himself to *apparatus criticus* in the strict sense. Even the rare end notes are, as a rule, strictly limited to comment on the various readings themselves. This abstinence from "chatter" was one of the causes which brought the original work its high and deserved reputation, and it is not surprising that Mr. Aldis Wright has not cared to depart from so sound a tradition.

To pass from Mr. Aldis Wright to Mr. Fleay is to make the very widest jump possible in this particular region of scholarship. For it would be unjust to deny Mr. Fleay the title of scholar. Indeed, his two besetting sins—the wild license of his conjectural attributions of texts, and the unnecessary acerbity with which he attacks other scholars whom he dislikes—are the besetting sins of a certain kind of scholarship. And it ought further to be reckoned to his credit that there is something engaging about his manner of succumbing to both these peccadilloes. He does not, like some, stick doggedly to his own conjectures, but flits about from one to another with a singular irresponsibility and charm. Nor does he, like others, seem to regard it as a personal injury that anybody else should have studied the same subjects that he has studied himself. On the contrary, it would be quite as easy to cite very generous and spontaneous acknowledgments of others' work from him as animal versions in the style of a modern Scaliger or Scioppius. Above all he really does know. This *Chronicle of the English Drama* from 1559 to 1642, if it contains some wild guesses and much tedious bickering, contains also more actual information on the actual subject than any book we know. Couched, as it is, in dictionary form, and consisting partly of mere entries from the Registers, partly of divergent and, to tell the truth, not always very relevant discussions, it is an excessively difficult book to review, except very briefly, or at very great length. And it could only be reviewed at length by entering into a criticism of Mr. Fleay's more speculative passages. Now that we have no intention of doing. He is admirable, almost indispensable, for reference, and his ingenuity is so great, and his knowledge so wide, that it is never safe to neglect entirely even his wildest conjectures. But we had rather not argue with him, if only for the simple reason that by the time we had done battering down one of his hypotheses he would probably have "thrown up a scone on Drumsnah," and have transferred all his own artillery there.

We have given our reasons for treating Mr. Fleay with deference, and the chief of them is, that he knows. This restraining influence need not weigh with us in respect to Mr. William White, whose silly title is set to a sillier book. Mr. White undertakes in the grave and chaste manner to examine the authorship of the works of Shakespeare, and decides on something between the Yankee-English Shaconian, and the German Original-Verfasser theories, his *Original-Verfasser* being a great many gentlemen at once. As a specimen of Mr. White's argumentative power, we may remark that he is fond of asking how the author of the epitaph on John à Combe could be the author of *Hamlet*, of *Macbeth*, &c. Mr. White seems unlikely to have read the works of Swift; but if he has, he will probably decide that no single person can have written them. And perhaps it might be well if he would ask himself on what authority he is certain that "the Stratford man" did write the Combe epitaph. Still, if a man has not got reasoning faculties, it is unreasonable to require them of him. But he surely might "join his flats" to the extent of acquiring some elementary knowledge of a very large subject before confidently pronouncing on difficult problems in it. Of Mr. White's knowledge we meet an example very early in the book. It is contained in the words "the forty-eight years which had elapsed [1561] since Surrey's translation of Virgil (1513)." At this we own we started. Surrey's birth has never been exactly fixed, but it has not that we know of been probably put earlier than 1515. Now Surrey was a very clever fellow, but a man had need to be monous clever indeed to translate Virgil two years before he was born. And observe that this is none of the accidental slips into which the most learned of men may fall. Mr. William White must have made it out of sheer ignorance, because of his unlucky and exact computation of the forty-eight years to 1561. A man who thinks that Surrey wrote half a century before Sackville can have before his mind's eye no kind of panorama of Elizabethan literature, no notion whatever of the relation of its masters. Also, to slay the slain, 1513 is alas! the date of a translation of Virgil, of a rather famous one too, of that of Gavin Douglas. With all the ineffable tenderness of Touchstone to Corin, we fear we must say to Mr. White, "Truly thou art damned." If the knowing reader wishes to see how Mr. White damns himself over and over again, how he becomes, as Mr. Titmarsh would say, a *Condencado doblado*, and more, let him turn up a page about Nash, a remark on "Kydd's *Hieronimo*," being contemporary with *Gorboduc* (it must be at least twenty years later), and so on. Now observe that we do not say a man is damned merely for making these blunders. But he is damned when, making them, he sets up to judge and redistribute the authorship of Shakespeare's plays on the ground of examination and knowledge of the literary and dramatic history of the time.

Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen could hardly have opened their "Muses' Library" better than with the works of Herrick. Since he was rediscovered, less than a century ago, and more than a century after his own death, there have been many Herricks; but a new one is always welcome. In this, too, a "new departure"

has been made, though on an old suggestion, by the exclusion and concentration at the end, in a separable appendix, of those marvellously nasty and marvellously foolish epigrams which mar—not by insults to what is conventionally called propriety, but by simple provocations to the gorge—one of the most exquisite collections of verse in English. Mr. Swinburne, in a very succinct introduction, which certainly cannot be charged with the verbosity often cast up against him, seems to suggest that Herrick may have designedly interspersed these to lessen the cloying effect of his gem- and flower- and kiss-pieces. The idea is to a certain extent classical, and not impossible. But, for our part, we do not, as Mr. Swinburne himself seems to do, find the effect, either with or without the epigrams, cloying at all. The better opinion, from Catullus downwards, has been that you cannot have too many kisses, and “no flowers” is an ungracious modern rubric. However, to talk about Herrick in himself is almost, if not quite, superfluous; he has long been past talking about with all true worshippers of Aphrodite and Dionysus, of Apollo and Athens. But he has not yet, we think, except in the almost unattainable original, been presented so gracefully as now. The volumes, perhaps, are a very little too thick for their length and breadth, which brings about a certain difficulty of opening them. But the fact is that Herrick's bulk is so great as to make the mechanical disposal of him a very difficult matter. The print, though (under the same *force majeure*) not large, is exquisitely clear, and the paper and binding comely. Mr. Pollard's “Life,” while it contains every fact of the very slightest importance, wisely eschews the tasteless and too common error of padding and vamping out such facts with otiose commentary. His notes are somewhat fuller, especially in the direction of fixing, as far as possible, the innumerable classical allusions in the poet. For ourselves, we have always thought that identifications of this kind are useless to the reader who has been stinted of his humanities, and superfluous to him who has duly imbibed them—but that is opinion merely. Mr. Pollard has also been careful in collating the variants of *Wit's Recreations* and the *Hesperides*, and those of the few MSS. which exist, and sometimes differ from both. He may, we think, justly claim to have been the first exactly to settle the relations of the two books referred to. Altogether the edition is extremely creditable, and is not likely to be exceeded soon either in comeliness of appearance or in scholarliness of editing.

A new edition of that vain and amatorial poem, the *Arcadia*, has been much wanted for many years. The only reprint for nearly two centuries is one of those incomprehensible garblings, neither honest selections nor faithful reproductions *in toto*, which inspire the decent book-lover with nothing but disgust and loathing; the old editions are expensive, and most of them are bedevilled by omissions or supplements. Dr. Sommer's is a faithful reprint of the *editio princeps*, photographically reproduced, with a good bibliographical introduction. The volume is handsome, though a little too thick for its shape; but, no doubt, binding (it is only *broché*) would compress it. We have sometimes had occasion to express doubt of Dr. Sommer's exact competence as a purely literary critic, as in the matter of “The Shepherd's Kalender” and “E. K.,” but we have had more opportunities of doing justice to the excellence of his work in the more troublesome, and perhaps not less valuable, office of text-editor. He has added considerably to the obligations of students of English to him by this book, though we cannot help being a little sorry that it was not produced by some English scholar either by itself or, better still, as part of a general edition of Sidney's works. It is true that the interest of the book is much more historical than intrinsic; that, despite some charming things, it is tedious with that peculiar and rather terrible tediousness which is the uncritical and uncriticized outpouring of youth. But it does contain charming things, and it had an enormous influence.

Two other publications of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's, though they are, in a manner, reprints, must not pass without a word of commendation to readers in their new guise. *The Lyrics from the Song-Books* (though not antiquating the two admirable volumes of Mr. Nisimo's publishing, which even to those who were acquainted with part of their contents before are possessions for ever) reproduces still more handily, and with a few corrections, the selection from these selections which Mr. Bullen published later. *The Lyrics from the Dramatists* is similarly selected from the former volumes of “Dramatist” and “Romance” Lyrics, Lodge and Greene being, in fact, entitled to figure indifferently in either. The presentation is excellent; of the matter it is impossible to speak too highly.

A later and more sumptuous, but scarcely more acceptable, collection of the same appears in *Elizabethan Songs in Honour of Love and Beauty*. Here, again, there is little or nothing to say of the matter. The lyrical verse of 1575-1675 is a lucky-bag, in which you cannot dip without bringing forth a prize—a sort of holy-water, which, whoever wields the *goupillon*, cannot but bless the asperged person. Nor could Mr. Lang write in any other wise than charmingly on this subject. If we must carp, we should say that the book is a little big (this kind of book should be capable of being taken to one's business and bosom), and that the illustrations, though pretty, are either too modern in style, or, which is worse, too elaborately antique, not to mention that they sometimes have exceedingly little that we can make out to do with their ostensible subjects. Now on this point we are the very intransigence of intractableness. We do not want art to be literary in itself, but when it pretends to illustrate literature it should do so.

Lastly, we have to mention an edition of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by Mr. K. Deighton (London: Macmillan), in that school series of his of which we have often had occasion to speak well, and one of *Lycidas* and others of Milton's smaller poems (Cambridge: at the University Press), by Mr. A. W. Verity, with a careful introduction and elaborate notes. The chief fault of these latter is that they are cumbered with much superfluous matter. “*Leprous*—F. lépreux. Lat. leprosus” should be left to the dictionary.

A PLEA FOR BIBLIOMANIA.*

THE bright home of the Grangerite is in the West, and his favoured dwelling-place is New York. Thither go the Stothards, the Cruikshanks, the Chodowieckis; thither the Lelys that make beautiful the pages of Anthony Hamilton; thither the

Beauties reckoned

So killing—under George the Second,

whose function it is to add new savour to the scandals of Walpole and Hervey. “We have estimated,” says Mr. Tredwell, “that privately illustrated books in and around New-York City represent, approximately of course, thirteen millions of dollars.” And Mr. Tredwell should certainly be well informed. In this handsomely printed volume of 500 pages, which we take to be an expansion of the smaller treatise he issued in 1881, and the nucleus of which was a lecture delivered to the Brooklyn Rembrandt Club, he certainly does not spare himself, or his reader. That his descriptions are, as he says, “a little *cataloguey*” may be admitted, but they are not monotonous, since he has managed to salt them successfully with bookish anecdote, and even with poetry. One of these last is an *octave* by Browning, which, to say the least, is characteristic of that master. Here it is:—

But truth—truth—that's the gold, and all the good
I find infancy is—it serves to set
Gold—inmost, ghint-free—gold which comes up rude
And rayless from the mine. All fame and fret
Of artistry beyond this point pursued
Brings out another sort of burnish—yet
Always the ingot has its very own
Value—a sparkle struck from truth alone.

“The better the uncouth”—would, no doubt, be the verdict of the faithful, and we shall probably be asked disdainfully, “Do roses stick like burs?” Nevertheless (upon the principle which made Mr. Pecksniff desire the views of Mrs. Todgers upon wooden legs), we should extremely like to hear what Mr. Samuel P. Avery, the fortunate possessor of *Knickerbocker's History of New York* (one of the most splendid issues, by the way, of the Grolier Club), really thinks of this particular “bur,” which sticks in his first volume, and especially of its relevancy to Washington Irving's masterpiece.

This is, however, to treat Mr. Tredwell with less respect than he deserves. His book in reality contains a mass of information that must have cost him infinite pains to collect; and, although a pastime which consists in building one unique book out of the ruin of many is not precisely to our taste, it must be admitted that the result is often attractive, and sometimes really valuable. And when it is confined to the extra-illustrating of books by special drawings, such as are described as having been executed by M. Eugène Grivaz for the superb *Peg Woffington* of Mr. Augustin Daly, even the most conservative of book-lovers can scarcely complain. We can conceive of some really priceless volumes in this way. How charming, for instance, would be a *Manon Lescaut* with *aquarelles* by the late Emile Bayard, or a *Clarissa* by Marcus Stone, or a *Horace* by Alma Tadema! Meanwhile Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to have been unusually favoured in this way. His *New Helen*, which is in the library of Edward Weisgerber, of Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, is but ten stanzas of ten lines. Yet the artist, who is also the owner, by dint of illumination, water-colour full pages, and lavish head- and tail-pieces, has managed to produce a result with which Mr. Tredwell's literary resources (and they are of a full-blooded sort) are wholly unable to contend. This enthusiasm on his part is the more genuine because, unless it is kind to speak of a poet as having “a Post-tertiary ‘cosmic soul,’” Mr. Tredwell does not seem to venerate Mr. Wilde. Another book here chronicled should be of special interest. It is the *Golden Apples of Hesperus*, by the veteran poet and engraver, W. J. Linton. The volume was, we fancy, actually printed by the author, and the copy here described has additional drawings by himself of his house at Appledore, his studio, and other sketches.

“Extra-illustrated books” of this class, however, do not strictly belong to the category described in this monograph; nor is it, indeed, necessary that a volume should be very literary to lend itself successfully to extension. One of the most popular works for this purpose was, and we see still is, the *Nell Gwynne* of Peter Cunningham, which, if we remember aright, was originally published at a few shillings; and another is the *Stothard* of Mrs. Bray, one of the feeblest and flattest of art-biographies, although it was carefully illustrated by Mr. George Scharf. Among modern books we note that Seeley's *Horace Walpole and his World* would appear to be rising in favour; another book is Mr. Gosse's *Life*

* A Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books: a Plea for Bibliomania. By Daniel M. Tredwell. Flatbush, Long Island: privately printed, 1892.

of Gray in the "Men of Letters" series. Mr. Lang's *Books and Bookmen* is being extended at Chicago "into many volumes," and another Chicago enthusiast has stretched *John Inglesant* into five. A typical book for inserted plates is Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*, if the projector can resign himself at the outset to the difficulty of finding a Farquhar and the impossibility of getting a Richard Savage. But at this game nothing seems to daunt the player, for Mr. Tredwell mentions an extra-illustrated copy of the *Pleasures of Literature* of Mathias.

EGYPTIAN GUIDE-BOOKS.*

IT is now many years since the first volume of Baedeker's *Egypt* came out in English. Before that time—1878, if we do not mistake—*Murray* was without competition. The appearance of *Baedeker* led to a thorough revision, which had been long needed. Other revisions followed. The seventh edition was published in 1888, and now the eighth, and best, has appeared. Hitherto the traveller who ascended the Nile beyond Cairo was dependent solely on his *Murray*. He can now take his choice, and if the superiority of the maps in *Baedeker* does not attract him, he will probably find *Murray* the best for his purpose. If we institute "comparisons," it is to enable our readers to choose that which suits their personal requirements. Some gluttons, of course, think they cannot have too many guides, and there are several which might be named for the Nile voyage, as well as books of travel, which, however, are for the most part marked, as regards archaeology and history, by one or other or both of two bad qualities. Ignorance is one, and a tendency to fads is the other.

Murray was originally written by the late Sir G. Wilkinson. It commenced life as a little handbook to Thebes and gradually grew into a comparatively portly volume, characterized by some of the worst blunders it is possible to conceive. To say that its author was ignorant of Egyptology is only to say that he was in the same case with everybody else at the time. The one thing in which Sir G. Wilkinson excelled was the art of copying inscriptions in hieroglyphics, and reproducing what struck him as interesting scenes in the sculptures. In this way he has been of infinite use to Egyptologists. Many of the pictures and inscriptions he preserved have otherwise perished; but it is a curious fact that he was never himself able to read a sentence of the old language, and it is evident from his other books that his knowledge of the history was on a par with his knowledge of the language. He would seem, however, to have been a fair classical scholar, and he endeavoured to explain whatever was a mystery—that is, everything—by a reference to Greece and Rome. Thus, at Siout, where there are some interesting tombs of the remote and obscure period of the tenth or eleventh dynasties, he explained the formation of a row of sculptured soldiers by a passage from a Greek historian, not knowing that an interval of two thousand years at least separated them. During the progress of former revisions of *Murray* this absurd comparison must have been frequently pointed out; but it remains in its old place in this new edition, together with a great deal more of the same character. As long as Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's widow lived a thorough revision was never permitted. By a mistaken piety, his errors, as well as his excellences, were perpetuated. This is more apparent in his *Ancient Egyptians*, where the illustrations and the late Dr. Birch's annotations in the last edition are of considerable value, while the letterpress is grotesque in its absolute ignorance. It is hardly saying too much to assert that every line of Wilkinson's original *Handbook*, except what relates to things now destroyed, ought to be expunged and the book, so far, rewritten.

The present edition contains an account of the tombs known by the name of General Grenfell at Assouan. We may compare *Murray* and *Baedeker* on this subject, when the immense superiority of *Baedeker* as an antiquarian authority becomes immediately apparent. In *Murray* there is a single paragraph which, so far as we can judge, contains no actual mistake, but consists of no more than thirty lines of a narrow column. In *Baedeker*, on the other hand, nearly two pages are devoted to these beautiful and interesting tombs, and the hieroglyphics of the principal names are given, so that the reader can spell them out for himself. It is this air of superior learning that *Baedeker*'s former volume boasted, and there cannot be a greater mistake than to fancy that Nile travellers do not care for it. We have only to point to the popularity with the "personally conducted" tourist of Dr. Wallis-Budge's book on the Nile, which is little but an attempt to supply the omissions of *Murray* and *Baedeker*. In describing "Grenfell's Tombs" the writer of *Baedeker* makes a bad slip. The most striking features in No. 31 are three niches on either side of a passage each of which contains a figure of Osiris, six in all. *Baedeker* says the figure only occurs in the first on the left. A great fault, to English readers, especially if they are unacquainted with German, is the spelling of Arabic words and phrases. While the rest of the book is turned into very good English, the vocabulary in the first volume was

left in its German dress, to the great puzzle of the most accomplished donkey-boys. The account of the first cataract, and especially of the villages which surround it, is full and correct, but is by no means such entertaining reading as the account in *Murray*, where, however, the small errors and omissions are very numerous. It is curious that in neither of the two books is any mention made of the sacred hawk which ancient authorities describe as having been kept on Philæ. One excellent feature of *Murray* is the description of the Gizeh Museum. The French custodians have steadily refused to make a catalogue or even to label the objects, and such a guide to the Museum deserves the more praise, and will be found most useful. The notice of Suez is very misleading. The Peninsular and Oriental steamers no longer call there. Suez is not so much as named in the time-tables of the Company.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.*

PAINTERS are reputed sojourners in Bohemia, and yet by an unaccountable irony the most of them are canonized—after death—as saints or lamented as martyrs. The sentimentalist, indeed, has claimed artistic biography as his own province, and, if M. André Theuriot's zeal had kept pace with his indiscretion, he might have done Bastien-Lepage the same injustice which Sensier wreaked upon J. F. Millet. *Naïveté* such as M. Theuriot's we have never met before. He fills his hundred pages with the idlest gossip; he records nought save the superfluous; he is overwhelmed with amazement if his hero condescend—like a common mortal—to bandy jokes or lay aside, for a while, the prophetic manner. In truth, did not the portrait carry with it the conviction of its own falsity, we might believe that Bastien-Lepage was a missionary with a taste for painting. And the publisher, not content with presenting M. Theuriot's ingenuous essay in the baldest English, must needs permit Miss Blind to supplement it by a "study" of Marie Bashkirtseff. Thus is a new terror added to death. No tie united the painter and his fanatical admirer while they were alive. Why, then, should they be thus thrown together after death? M. Coppée professed a sincere regard for Marie Bashkirtseff, who in her turn poured idle confidences into the ears of MM. Zola, Goncourt, and Maupassant. When the lives of these *littérateurs* are written, shall she again be served up as an appendix? Not only was it an offence against taste to introduce Marie Bashkirtseff into the argument, but Miss Blind's "criticism" is hopelessly misguided. The poor Russian's talent for painting was of the slenderest. She was outstripped by half-a-dozen competitors in her own school, and had it not been for her social success, her pictures would neither have been medalled in the *Salon* nor hung in the Luxembourg. To represent her as a pupil of Bastien's, with whom she had nought in common, is but another effect of irresponsible sentimentality.

Bastien-Lepage was born at Damvillers on the Meuse in 1843. His short life was uneventful, and his biography begins and ends with the record of his artistic ambitions. Concerning his talent and aptitude there can be no question. The misfortune is, that from the first he followed a false ideal. Neglecting the examples of the old masters, he determined to create the art of painting afresh. He learned his business in Paris, as he said, but not his art, and straightway proceeded to forget the accumulated wisdom of the world, so that he was a primitive among the moderns. A literal accuracy and a strict adherence to nature—whether she were wrong or right—those were his constant aims. But art, being itself an elaborate series of conventions, is not advanced by an outrage on tradition. And Bastien-Lepage, as his own labour was Sisyphean, has left no school to promulgate his theory. By their very novelty "*Les Foins*" and "*Jeanne d'Arc*" created a profound, if transitory, impression, but so rapidly has their influence and interest waned, that already they seem curious rather than beautiful. In attempting to combine accuracy of detail with a broad effect, Bastien-Lepage tackled an insoluble problem. The microscopic method of the miniature is ill suited to ten-foot canvases, just as a chiselled style seems thin and bloodless when it is spread over the three volumes of a novel. The artist who would set the incidents of his composition in proper relation must perforce generalize. And this is what Bastien-Lepage either never could or never would accomplish. Hence his "*Jeanne d'Arc*" is large only in size and convincing only in detail. A square foot within its frame may be true to nature and comely to look upon; but the general effect is almost trivial, and, so far from being a triumph of realism, is only true from the point of view of research. For even the eye selects, and, unless it be aided by a field-glass, must either observe in detail that which lies near it or take a general view of the distance. But to Bastien-Lepage selection was the unpardonable sin. In each one of his pictures he desired to represent not only what he actually saw before him, but what his experience told him was there. So that his imagination worked with no greater freedom than a photographic lens, and with not a hundredth part of its rapidity. However, his experiments are as interesting a study as the ambitions of our own pre-Raphaelites, and an opportunity is given in the present volume to those who would consider both sides of the question. For Mr. George Clausen, in an

* *Handbook for Travellers in Lower and Upper Egypt*. London: John Murray.

Egypt—Handbook for Travellers. Part II. Upper Egypt and Nubia. Leipzig: Baedeker. 1892.

* *Jules Bastien-Lepage and his Art*. A Memoir by André Theuriot. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

essay on Bastien-Lepage "as artist," puts the case in Bastien's favour with an admirable candour and moderation; though Mr. Sickert, holding a brief for impressionism, has perhaps the best of the argument.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE worst of M. Renan's enemies—if, indeed, that amiable, though not always well-inspired, person has any—must be conciliated by the simple (we had almost said, but that it would convey a wholly wrong impression, the Skimpolian) artlessness of the preface to his *Feuilles détachées* (1). He had intended collecting divers grave and portentous essays of scholarship. "No," says the late M. Calmann Lévy, "my dear fellow [we translate with freedom in form, but faithfulness in fact], give us some of those little personalities of yours, and let them concern Brittany if possible." So the guileless M. Renan looks him about, and furnishes forth a bundle of all manner of little personal pieces supplementary to the *Souvenirs*. There are nearly thirty of them, and they would have no community of subject if they had not, like most of their author's later writings, enjoyed the fundamental uniformity of always concerning M. Renan. Whether they are about the good Emma Kosilis, or the wicked Nera, about St. Paul or Professor Rhys, addressed to M. Berthelot or addressed to M. Flaubert, there is always to be added to their short titles, according to the excellent jest of "Rag" Smith, "et de quodam Pocockio." Let us not for one moment be understood as even insinuating any depreciation of this particular *Pocockius quidam*. It is difficult—we are not sure that it is not positively wrong—to be angry with M. Renan. "Dans ma manière de sentir," says he affably, "je suis femme aux trois quarts"—as, indeed, his critics have more than once remarked to him before. Now the person who lifts hand, much more heel, against even a *trois quarts* woman, is a person who does not require further characterization. Besides, to tell the truth, it really does not matter in the very least what M. Renan says, so long as he keeps on saying it in that matchless French of which he, almost alone now, has the secret. His faults of taste and his faults of logic do not, indeed, pass unperceived or unproved, but they are atoned for by the attraction of his style. If we were Catherine Morland (which for several reasons is impossible), and found M. Renan's washing-book in a wardrobe, we are nearly sure that it would be a literary masterpiece.

Two new volumes of the excellent "Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des beaux-arts" (2) continue to show the skill of French writers in popularizing such subjects, and the enterprise of French publishers in producing them, well printed, abundantly illustrated with really valuable illustrations, and, in this particular case, stoutly and usefully bound. If one of the books is to be preferred to the other, it is M. Girard's, because M. Corroyer is bitten with that unfortunate mania, too common with French architectural writers, for claiming "Gothic" in a lump—its origin, its developments, and everything—as purely French. Perhaps in time this mania, which has already become much more reasonable among literary historians, may be corrected in this department also. Meanwhile it is a very great and impertinent nuisance. Nevertheless, there is much good matter in M. Corroyer.

MM. Tomel and Rollet's book on childish crime (3) is worth the attention both of the professional philanthropist and of the general reader. The authors appear to be practical philanthropists of no bad kind themselves, and their theories—though we by no means commit ourselves to the whole of them—seem to be in the main sensible. Above all, they have the merit of pronouncing, both as a matter of principle and a matter of experience, against the preposterous modern pseudo-scientific doctrine of a criminal disposition which excludes responsibility and can be pleaded against punishment.

As the reminiscences of the Duke of Tarentum (4) appear simultaneously in English and French, it will probably be the best course to chronicle the original here briefly, and reserve fuller treatment for the translation. The former is introduced by a preface from the academic hand of M. Camille Rousset and has two portraits after Gérard and after David.

The seventh part of the excellent *Dictionnaire de la Langue Française* (Paris: Delagrave), which, since the death of the original authors, MM. Hatzfeld and Darmesteter, is being brought out by M. Thomas, has appeared. It runs from "Collière" to "Corneau," which, as the *fascicule* is of eighty large pages, will show that it does not do the business negligently; and the execution is as thorough as in the parts we have previously noticed.

We have before us several new volumes of Messrs. Percival's different French series, which are getting numerous. There is a *Primary French Translation Book* with vocabulary (a thing perhaps permissible in primary translation books, but there only), by Messrs. Lyon and Larpent. The notes are good, but for a "primary" book perhaps over-numerous. For we take it that such a book should be begun at seven or eight, if not earlier, and

at that age book-notes are no good whatever, oral explanation being the only thing. In the "Beginner's texts" Mr. Lyon edits Mlle. de Pompéry's "Ce qu'on veut," and in the intermediate Mr. Ingall produces *Le Duc de Reichstadt* from that prolific maker of books, M. Imbert de Saint-Amand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

NO one who has given the subject the thought it demands has any doubt as to what he would do with his money were he a millionaire. Supposing he should not be of that rare type, the penurious person of the popular imagination, the millionaire as the million conceive it, he will not set out to make a second million. He will contrive somehow to live on his money. In short, he will spend. Now this, which seems such a simple matter, is a more arduous business than the making of the million, according to the researches of Mr. Stanley Marmion Twygue, as revealed in the instructive studies of the subject entitled *Half Hours with the Millionaires*, selected and arranged by B. B. West (Longmans & Co.) To say that Mr. Twygue has by no means exhausted the field of study is to do him no injustice. He has done excellently well in correcting the popular fallacy that one millionaire is in all respects like another millionaire. His sketches are ingeniously varied. But in putting them forth as "selected" Mr. West has also done well; for they are suggestive enough to open out for the imaginative reader an endless vista of novel means for dealing with millions. Of mere eccentricity in philanthropic ways Mr. West has given some pleasing examples. The "House-back Reformer," the man who forms a syndicate to supply the wants of all London, the man who does with despatch and in secret what is nobody's business because it is everybody's—these are examples of millionaires that will occur to everybody. Romantic spirits will delight in the "Redresser of Fallen Fortune" and the "Fulfiller of Expectations." Some may applaud the exertions of the "Non-pauperizing Charity-monger" who seeks to reclaim a drunken carman or a brutal cobbler by planting in his dustbin or coal-cellar first editions of Dickens or Marryat, or by secretly introducing into his domicile a prize Persian cat. These are noble examples. But best of all, to some tastes, may appear the millionaire who bought new works in manuscript by popular authors, with all rights, and depressing "old masters" at sales, and promptly destroyed those superfluous works of art by fire. Then there is another enthusiastic benefactor of the public who collects the prodigious furniture and other art products of the Great Exhibition period—"everything which had never been beautiful and had once been expensive"—and houses them in the congenial gloom of his hideous Palladian Portland-cement suburban mansion. And, since charity begins at home, the meed of praise is due to the millionaire who pities the distressed, nay, destitute, condition of some of his class, and starts the "Millionaire Relief Company," the account of whose benevolent deeds brings tears to the eyes. The humour of it is a trifle too ornate, too elaborate, perhaps, but it is a pleasing little book.

Dr. George Bailey Loring's journal, *A Year in Portugal* (Putnam's Sons), gives so agreeable a view of the "life of an American Minister abroad" that it cannot but inspire the souls of all the young untried diplomats at home with intense yearnings to follow his example. Dr. Loring must thank the Republican institutions of his native land that his was a short-timed service. Twelve months, however, may be better than a cycle in Cathay, or even Boston, for the American citizen bent upon improving each shining hour. Dr. Loring's hours appear to have been all shining. The reflection of his enjoyment in these pages is certainly more than sufficient to assure him the contentment he desires. No country in effete Europe is better qualified to move the American citizen to wonder and delight than Portugal. Dr. Loring is a candid and courageous chronicler. Salem and Concord mingle with his reflections on the ancient glories of Portugal. From meditations on the beauties of Cintra and the grandeur of Alcobaça, he falls into recollections of Mr. Emerson. He still "remembers his august abode" in the Bay State, like the seashell of Lander—"who is to me," adds the frank American, "a dull literateur"—though he does go beyond the reasonable patriotism of the true Briton when he admires the "foresight" which prompted Great Britain to seize Gibraltar, that "sentinel of the seas." We fear there is more of flattery than fact in Dr. Loring's glowing approbation of the "statesmanship" that gained Gibraltar. The determination to retain that stronghold is far more admirable.

Korolenko's *In Two Moods* (Ward & Downey), translated by Sergius Stepniak and William Westall, is an addition to the abundant Russian fiction offered to the English reader that does not strike us as especially notable. The story is formless, and the "typical Russian student" has been painted with greater force and skill than here. A shorter sketch entitled "In Bad Society" is much more impressive. It is a pretty story of childish reminiscence, related by a judge's son, who, for lack of parental sympathy, associates with a band of vagabonds who inhabit a ruined chapel. The pictures of the children, and the queer outcasts they live with, and their strange life, are full of power and not without charm.

In *Gods and Heroes* (Blackwood & Sons) Mr. R. E. Francillon re-tells stories from Greek mythology for young people in a con-

(1) *Feuilles détachées*. Par Ernest Renan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des beaux-arts—La peinture antique*. Par Paul Girard. *L'architecture gothique*. Par Ed. Corroyer. Paris: Quantin.

(3) *Les enfants en prison*. Par Guy Tomel et Henri Rollet. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Souvenirs du Maréchal Macdonald*. Paris: Plon.

nected form, or "single Saga," selecting such versions as are most adjustable to a design that aims at sequence and completeness. The idea is, we believe, quite novel, and is carried out with tolerable success. Not to explain the myth away by any scientific or comparative process is a very proper object with a writer who desires to charm boys and girls with the simple beauty of these stories as simply told. As a story-teller Mr. Francillon's style is excellently direct and expressive. But, though he would reduce the myths to their old poetic form, he does not invariably avoid hints at explanation, and is not perfectly happy, we think, when he interposes with a "meaning" and the moral that trails in its wake.

Mrs. Marshall's stories of olden times are generally good reading for the young. *Winefred's Journal* (Seeley & Co) comprises passages in the life of a young lady whose good fortune it was to be a friend of Joseph Hall, sometime Bishop of Exeter and of Norwich. Naturally this young person's record of those stirring times is of report rather than of activity, though she passes through perils of her own that are vividly described. Her secret marriage with a Royalist officer and the jealousy of a Puritan admirer cause her plentiful trouble. She was in Widdicombe Church, by the way, during the great thunderstorm in October 1638, and her account of that disaster and Master Lyde's heroic bearing in the pulpit agrees with that of the voracious Prince in his *Worthies of Devon*.

"Go to Texas" is the advice given to the poor man, with 150*l*. to start with, by "Rux," in his racy account of his experience of the Lone Star State in *Through the Mill* (Sampson Low & Co.) Texas, he is ready to admit, has its drawbacks, but it is richer in openings for the settler than any other of the States. After the slings and arrows of fortune from which "Rux" suffered, it shows a fine spirit of endurance, as well as a noble regard for the lessons of probation, that he should commend Texas in this way. His lively book is capital reading, and instructive. It explains the mysteries of the game of "Keno," the art of keeping a "lunch bar," and the entertainment of cowboys, the right use of shooting irons, the practice of "raising Kane"—though he does not tell us who Kane was. "Rux" was a traveller in various lines, and enjoyed his adventures and perils as only a Mark Tapley can.

Mr. William Entriiken Baily's *Classical Poems* (Cincinnati: Clarke) are said, by the author, who ought to know, to owe their origin to "temperamental characteristics," and to "the animus of a great deal of what constitutes orthodox English poetry." The precise meaning of this is beyond our searching. One of Mr. Baily's temperamental characteristics is the writing of the prosiest verse imaginable, though how this gift establishes his "connexions" with Shakespeare, Milton, and other orthodox poets named by him is indeed a riddle.

Less pretentious is Mr. Waitman Barbe's volume of verse, *Ashes and Incense* (Philadelphia: Lippincott), where we note something of a true singing capacity, and an unlaboured strain like that song of the thrush of which the poet sings in "An Old Love-Song":—

No master's symphony
Hath lived so long
As this bird's plaintive, sweet
And old love-song.

Grisons Incidents in Olden Times, by the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tollemache (Percival & Co.), deals with certain episodes in Graubünden annals, derived from Herr Sprecher's novels and history, which will be found full of interest by visitors to the Engadine.

In *The Land of Flowers* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) Mr. Clement Scott gives an animated account of a winter's visit in the Riviera. It was not roses, roses all the way, from Hyères to Genoa and Venice, with Mr. Scott, whose picturesque record tells of the "cauld blast" and "treacherous clime" not less than of warmth and sunshine.

The City of the Just, by Thomas Terrell (Trischler), is a novel with a purpose, the purpose being the exposure of the iniquities of the "bucket-shop," an end that has been more effectively accomplished before now. Indeed Mr. Terrell has hardly fulfilled his good intent, and as to the story, it is wildly spasmodic and Adelphic.

We have also received a new edition of Mr. J. G. Muddock's *Stormlight*; or, *the Nihilist's Doom* (Ward, Lock, Bowden, & Co.); *A Fable for Critics* (Gay & Bird), a pretty edition of Mr. Lowell's poem, with vignette portraits; *A Natural Method of Physical Training*, by Edward Checkley (Putnam's Sons), an excellent little book on "training, not straining"; *The Copper Coins of Europe*, by Frank C. Higgins (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), "Young Collector" series; *Brass Repousse for Amateurs*, by Gawthorpe (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), a manual of practical instruction; *Technical Education in the Counties*, by G. J. Michell and G. H. Smith (Phillip & Son); *This, and My Pipe*, by J. J. Hewson, second edition (Simpkin & Co.); and *The Mistress of Castleton Towers*, by Fannie Eden (Horner & Sons).

NOTICE.

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